

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4.



THE LAST OF THE VALOIS.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

A PUNY, pretty baby, nursed with anxious care; a delicate, petted boy of winning manners although insincere; a frivolous, treacherous, effeminate man whose life-skein was abruptly severed at thirty-eight by the dagger of Jacques Clément—such was the outcome, such the last representative of two great historic lines, the royal Valois of France and the older branch of the Italian Medici.

Louis and Charles d'Orléans, wittiest, most cultured of princes; François Premier with his liberality and splendor; Cosimo de' Medici, "Father of his Country;" Lorenzo the Magnificent; Catherine the Terrible—here, in this frail king, ended their Renaissance greatness and pomp.

A certain pathos inevitably attaches to the last of his race. Nature has her own

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methods of dealing with the problem of extinction—from the autumn leaf to the man—but she rarely fails to connect with it some element of interest, if no more than an ironic pity for the insignificance which "poorly lived and poorly died," was "poorly buried, and no one cried." And when the death of an individual means also the death of an ancient line, then we are as it were spectators at a tragedy—"the tragedy Man"—with its interest deepened tenfold by the consciousness that a race is perishing here. That the Valois had reached the point where their extinction was a protective measure on the part of Nature, does not lessen but rather deepens the gloom of the closing scene.

Certain characteristics born, doubtless, in the child, and certainly strengthened by bad training in the man, lie at the root of the memorable tragedies connected with his name. Henri de Valois, born in 1551, was Catherine de' Medici's third son and favorite child. In the opinion of her contemporaries, she "loved him to distraction," and found in his childish delicacy and frequent maladies additional reasons for such love. He was created Duc d'Anjou et de Valois within a few moments after his birth; later, in all the inexperience of sixteen years, was made Lieutenant-general of the French armies; and in this capacity, with the aid of skilled generals and not without display of the courage he incontestably possessed, won in 1569 the victory of Jarnac, where Condé fell, and that of Moncontour, where Coligny was wounded. From this time until his death, sunk in luxury, amusement and intrigue, there was only an occasional flash of tigerish ferocity to remind one of that earlier gleam that had been courage and ambition. One of these flashes, in 1572, helped kindle the St. Bartholomew; a second showed his minions the way to Bussy d'Amboise, while a third brightened into the sinister glare that still illuminates the murder of the Guises.

Of medium height, with a clear pale complexion and a skin that wrinkled early, long-lidded brown eyes and hair of a darker brown, the chin and mouth expressing weakness, the eyes well formed but their glances shifting, the forehead broad and high—this ensemble was not

unattractive. His accomplishments—those of his time and rank—were an additional recommendation: he was a graceful rider, dancer and tennis player, and an expert swordsman.

At St. Germain, in Catherine's "pepinière" of princes and nobles, he was early associated with the overshadowing Guises—Henri de Guise, whom Catherine termed "ce petit moricaud qui n'a que guerre et que tempeste en son cerveau," being from the first his playfellow, rival and aversion. The children of the great matured rapidly in this hotbed age; already Henri was given to favoritism, already his word was not to be trusted, his friendships were found to be fickle and his aversions armed with the desire to hurt. Already were Mary Stuart and the dauphin lovers, and playing at "little husband and little wife;" already was Marguerite de Valois a beautiful coquette, and Henri de Guise eager "to be master everywhere," thus justifying the aspiring eagle on his crest. But although these traits were characteristic, they were as yet of small importance politically, especially in the case of Henri, who was but third in line of succession. It was not until the brief reign of François II. reached its term and Charles IX. ascended the throne, that the Duc d'Anjou, as heir in default of his brother's issue, became an important personage.

Rightly or wrongly, there attached to his name the prestige of Jarnac and Moncontour; and though he was detested or feared by his brothers and sisters, the watchful love of his mother enwrapped him like armor of proof. By the time he was eighteen, it may be said his habits were fully formed—he had reached maturity in mind and body, and could only grow "more so" with advancing years. The adornment of his person was then as afterward a subject of almost prayerful consideration, to which everything else gave way. The magnificence of the Medici and Valois had hitherto possessed the saving grace of refinement; but in this, their latest descendant, refinement yielded to a somewhat tasteless luxury. Henri's complexion was his pride—to preserve it his face was nightly plastered with cosmetics and covered with a close-fitting, perfumed mask of silk. His hands were no less an object of care—



CATHERINE INTERCEDING FOR THE DUC DE GUISE WITH HENRI III.



HENRI III. INSTITUTING THE ORDER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. FROM A PAINTING BY J. B. VAN LOOY.

their beauty was preserved by applications of ointment and the use of soft leather gloves at night. His hair, after being elaborately frizzed, was usually gathered up beneath a small turban adorned with jeweled aigrette and plumes. His ears, of whose shape and delicacy he was extremely proud, were pierced for rings. Improving on the feminine model, he often wore two rings in each ear, with long pendants of pearls or precious stones. He delighted in perfumes, especially a heavy combination known as *poudre violette musquée*, and had a Neronian fondness for roses, if we may trust such frequently recurring items in the royal account books as "*deux sacs de roses pour servir à l'oratoire, au petit lit, et à la garde-robe dudit seigneur.*" When ruffs came in, none was larger and stiffer than his; when cloaks were worn short, his was the shortest; when cheeks were

rouged, his blushed deepest. In devotion to fashion, at least, he was what his people called him—the *homme-femme* of the Louvre.

He had expensive fads moreover, one being his passion for parrots, monkeys and little dogs. Of lapdogs alone, he is known to have had more than two thousand, divided into bands of twenty to thirty, with a salaried attendant to each band. One of the courtiers, observing his grief at being unable to carry several of these favorites at a time, invented a small cushioned basket lined with silk, supported by a ribbon around the neck, in which a dozen or more diminutive pets could be carried. The king's gratitude for this invention made the courtier's fortune. Another fad was the collecting of illuminated letters and monograms. They were to him what postage stamps are to the modern boy, or book-plates to

the more cultivated amateur, and had the superior advantage of being far more expensive.

About this time, too, amidst other amusements, Henri's heart became involved in a "grande passion," whose object was the beautiful Marie de Clèves, wife of the Prince de Condé. Love was the fashion of the age, love-making the toy of the hour; and in this respect, as in others, Henri and the Duc de Guise were at the head of the fashion. But, while he was thus disporting himself, Charles

IX., the best, the finest-natured of the brothers, was gradually yielding to disease and shocks of temper that resembled partial insanity. It is impossible to think of this unhappy young man without pity. The "child of great promise," generous, high-spirited, with a body too feeble for his ambition—his good impulses had been thwarted, his foibles of judgment and temper deliberately fostered, by those who had their own evil ends to serve. Played upon like an instrument by his astute mother, teased



HENRI III. AND HIS PETS. FROM A PAINTING BY HERRMANN-LEON.

to madness, he was induced to sign the edict of the great massacre, and his name is indelibly stained by the blood of that fatal day. Let the grief and pain that clouded his deathbed be counted as some atonement. His share in the deed, moreover, his moral responsibility, was far less than that of Henri, his detested brother and heir. The latter's record of the affair, written to pass away some hours of boredom in Poland, shows this very clearly.

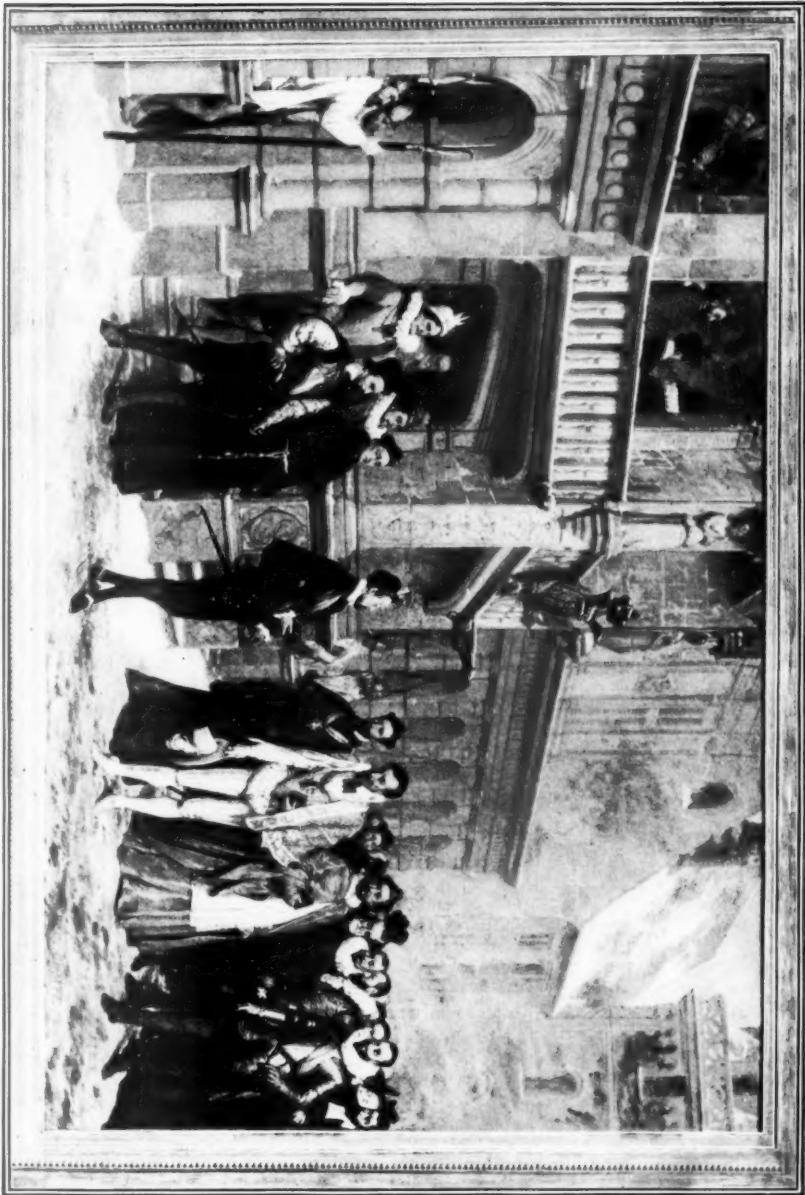
The prologue to the St. Bartholomew tragedy was a marriage—that of the king's sister Marguerite, a Catholic princess, with the Protestant King of Navarre (August 19, 1572). The wedding chimes had scarcely ceased when the deep-toned bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang in the Massacre. Of this famous event so much has been said and written that, practically, there is nothing more to be said. Both sides have their historians, their panegyrists and detractors. Merimée's words, however, should be borne in mind: "We must not use our nineteenth-century ideas in judging sixteenth-century conduct." "The massacre of St. Bartholomew was a great crime, even for its own day; but, I repeat, a massacre, as such, in the sixteenth century was not the same thing as a massacre in the nineteenth. Let us add that the greater part of the nation took a share in it or sympathized with it, and armed in a body to attack the Huguenots, who were held to be strangers and enemies" (*Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.*, Saintsbury's translation).

It seems clearly enough proved, moreover, that Catherine, the prime mover in the deed, was not actuated by any special religious animus; on the contrary, she entertained, in the earlier part, at least, of her political career, certain Protestant sympathies which were sharply reproved by her Catholic allies and friends. A letter of hers to Philip II. is extant, in which she argues that the same discipline does not suit every back, and that heresy in France cannot be treated on the same harsh lines as in Spain. She seems to have perceived clearly, as she afterward wrote to the Bishop of Limoges, that "cauterization does not arrest the disease, but only increases its spread." It is equally proved that this first favorable disposi-

tion toward her Protestant subjects gradually changed into aversion, principally through the tactlessness and arrogance of the reformers themselves. "Those who have the control in matters of religion," wrote Hubert de Languet to Melancthon, "have exasperated the queen mother, who would fain be moderate in all things, by threatening her with the judgment of God and the fate of the king her husband." Threatened by these, harassed by those, her moment of vengeance at last arrived.

Why dwell farther on the morning of horror, when Guise stood exulting over the quivering body of Coligny, or that later day when Catherine with her sons and daughters, her maids of honor and cavaliers, stepped lightly over the corpses beside the Louvre, and went on a pleasure excursion to Montfaucon to view the admiral's gibbeted remains? Enough! it was over; and to the tragedy of 1572 succeeded the comedy of 1573, when Henri, longing to await in Paris his brother's death, was, by the latter's determination to get rid of him and by Catherine's desire to increase his power, sent to Poland as its electoral king. Never was kingdom more reluctantly accepted or governed with less dignity. He fled from it like a thief, by night and secretly, the moment he heard of his brother's death.

While lingering on the homeward way in Italy, he received word of the sudden decease of Marie de Clèves. He had not even pretended to regret his brother, but for his mistress he mourned fantastically, in garments edged with a fringe of death's-heads and with death's-heads on his shoeties. After some weeks devoted to sobs and tears and contemplation of her portrait in a room hung with black, it occurred to a sagacious courtier that his master might possibly be bored by so much grief. To try if this were so, he caused the portrait to be removed. The king did not seem to notice its disappearance, resumed his usual habits and mentioned Marie no more. Presently he married a pious, gentle soul who loved him—perhaps for what he was not—who can tell? No children blessed their marriage and daily it became more unpleasantly evident to Henri that either his Protestant brother-in-law must succeed him, or



CHARLES IX. FROM A PAINTING BY H. C. COITE.



A COURT HALL IN THE REIGN OF HENRI III. FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS PAINTING.

CATHERINE AND HER DAUGHTERS LEAVING THE LOUVRE AFTER THE MASSACRE. FROM A PAINTING BY DEBAT-PONSAN.



his hated Catholic kinsman, the aspiring Duc de Guise. He loved neither of them the better for the possibility.

Once settled upon the throne, this sovereign of a great nation deliberately shut out thoughts of the future in order to enjoy the present. Now it was a marriage, like that of the queen's sister, and a great ball at the Louvre, now a penitential excursion, or, by way of contrast, a midnight stroll through the streets with his minions, disturbing and insulting his honest subjects, that served to relieve the monotony of his majesty's existence. His devotion to certain young favorites, notably Quélus, Maugiron and St. Mégrin, parallels that of James I. of England to Carr and Buckingham. Attired in the height of fashion, with frizzed hair, little velvet bonnets, and ruffs so enormous that L'Etoile says their heads resembled that of St. John the Baptist in a charger, they formed a fitting body-guard for the king. "Their exercises," to quote L'Etoile again, "were to play, blaspheme, leap, dance, vault, quarrel and brag, follow the king everywhere and into every company, make his pleasure their object, and, with little regard for God or virtue, content themselves with being in their master's favor, whom they fear and honor more than God."

Monsieur, the king's younger brother, had his minions also, and the royal quarrels were closely imitated by their followers. At last, on a Sunday night, in April, 1578, Quélus, Maugiron and Livarrot fought with Monsieur's favorites, the "handsome" Enraguet, Ribérac and Schomberg. The pretext was trivial, the result fatal. Maugiron and Schomberg soon lay dead upon the field, Ribérac died of his wounds the next day at noon, Livarrot received such a savage blow upon the head that it was six months before he recovered, Enraguet alone escaped with a trifling scratch and Quélus, the chief aggressor, received nineteen wounds, and died after languishing a month. With terrible simplicity L'Etoile concludes the tale: "And in no wise profited him the favor of the king, though he went to see him every day, and did not stir from his bedside, promising the surgeons a hundred thousand francs if they cured their patient, and the handsome minion himself a hundred thousand écus, to inspire

him with energy to recover. Notwithstanding the said promises he passed from this world to another, with ever these words upon his lips, even amidst his last gasping, regretful sighs—'Ah, my king, my king!'"

Henri mourned for these favorites with as extravagant and fantastic a grief as he had formerly shown for Marie de Clèves. The long, fair hair of Quélus he cut off and had set in gold. With his own hand he removed the jewels from their ears, to keep as relics, and put himself and the court in deep mourning. Their embalmed bodies, together with that of St. Mégrin, who was assassinated a few months later, received magnificent sepulture. But, according to Holmes, "wet weather is favorable for transplantation." The king's grief, as usual, became the bed of new affections, and Joyeuse and D'Épénon succeeded the unfortunate young men who had squandered so vainly the richest treasures of life.

After their obsequies, the next great pageant was that of New Year's day, 1579, when Henri instituted the order of the Saint-Esprit. The tarnished robes still to be seen in the Cluny museum give but a faded reflection of the costumes that almost beggared their wearers on this occasion. Henri arranged every detail himself. The doublet and "haut-de-chausses" were of cloth-of-silver; the shoes and scabbard, white velvet; the cap was black velvet, jeweled; the short cloak, cloth-of-gold embroidered in silver with doves and the king's cipher and devices; the grand mantle of the order, black velvet lined with orange satin, and embroidered in gold with fleurs-de-lys, flames of fire, ciphers, etc. The badge of the order was an eight-rayed gold cross with a silver dove in the center, supported by an azure ribbon from a collar in gold and jewels, composed of alternating fleurs-de-lys, tongues of fire and the initial H.

Slowly but surely, amidst all these diversions, the storm of the League was rising. The king's puerility and reckless extravagance had alienated the people; his popularity waned and that of Guise grew, until even the queen-mother was powerless. Things went from bad to worse; the kingdom was rent by factions; Guise became virtual king, and the real king, nursing his rage at Blois, let it



ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE DE GUISE. FROM A PAINTING BY DURUPT.

flame forth at last in vengeance. Feigning, scantily enough, some semblance of amity and wish to compromise, he invited his rebellious kinsman to Blois. The invitation was accepted. Smiling, triumphant, the great duke came; his brother, the cardinal, with him. Once before, in the Louvre, on the day of the Barricades, he had rashly placed himself in the king's power, and Catherine had saved him; now the queen-mother lay helpless in her room. Events were hurrying on, the destiny of her race was being decided, and she could neither help nor hinder. What thoughts must have passed through that busy brain during the body's forced inaction; what a procession of the dead and gone must have defiled before her dying gaze! The tale was nearly told—the last chapter only she was not to read, although surely she must have divined it from the event that went before.

Henri de Guise—but, again, why repeat the too well-known story? Why dwell, save with lightest mention, upon that chill December morning when, confident, in spite of warnings, that the king "would not dare," yet not at the last moment without a presentiment of ill, the duke obeyed the king's summons to a council, and in that king's own bedroom fell pierced by many wounds? Why more than briefly recall the king's ferocious spurning of the corpse, or his involuntary

exclamation of "God! he looks greater dead than alive"? All unknowing he spoke the truth—dead, the duke was even more potent than when alive.

The Cardinal de Guise was murdered a few hours later, and the two bodies were burned in the courtyard of the castle. A few days later Catherine de' Medici closed forever the eyes that had gazed so inscrutably upon the world for seventy long years. All was over; all her efforts had been in vain. Her favorite and only surviving son was childless, and the star of Henri of Navarre was rising bright above the ruin of her house. "That which has to be," says a Basque proverb, "cannot fail to be." Through what long footpaths of intrigue and crime had Catherine passed in order to suppress the Béarnais—to no purpose, for his triumph was at hand.

The last act of the play is reached. Once more the curtain rises, this time on the 1st of August, 1589, at St. Cloud. At about the same hour of the morning as when the Duc de Guise was murdered, a young Dominican monk, Jacques Clément by name, requested to see the king, was admitted and under pretext of presenting a petition, stabbed him. The wound proved fatal; by midnight the House of Valois was no more. The king's last hours were marked by a dignity, a nobility even, worthy of his better self, of his famous race.

A SONG OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

IN ancient years the chevaliers
 Rode out on schemes quixotic,
 With hand on blade e'er ready laid,
 To draw at deeds despotic.
 But each true knight *still* aids the Right,
 However cynics mock it.
 To aid Love's law we moderns draw—
 The money from our pocket.

In early ages the peering sages
 Sought long that great tradition,
 The chymic stone, and were it known,
 It were a great magician.
 But far above, sweet human Love
 Makes roses out of nettles—
 To Thought and Light and calm Delight
 Transmutes the baser metals.

Ramblings IN THE REALM OF DRESS

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK.

SOME time ago I heard one of our national legislators make the statements, in a rather spread-eagle speech, that " . . . this is a period of progress, we are no longer dependent upon antiquity for precedents, . . . and . . . in this country our women in their dress show a knowledge of art, and an originality, never even dreamed of by the sex in times gone by" To all of which and much more that he said I most respectfully request to "note an exception."

We are greatly dependent upon antiquity and have given but few examples of real originality. What progress we make—and it is wonderful by comparison only with our immediate past—is largely upon suggestion from antiquity, simply a growth, an evolution or a revival, and, alas! very often a retrograde movement. Our greatest modern inventions are, we begin to realize, mere resurrections of ancient knowledge; the Etruscans knew at least the principles of steam, and the Egyptologists are finding evidences that electricity was not unknown even in the ninth dynasty. Not to mention the use of explosives by the Chinese long before the Christian era, nor some of the "lost arts" we know to have existed ages ago, that we need so much to-day.

Woman's dress to-day is neither original nor very artistic. She does not wear a garment in sight or out of sight, nor is there a hook or a pin about her, that has not a prototype that you can find shelved away in some museum of antiquities or otherwise preserved from past ages. Your "accordion" skirt can be traced back to the Chaldeans; and there is a question as to whether the Egyptians or the Chinese first wore combs. The Goths wore bejeweled safety-pins; and one of the first records we find of the details of the Greek woman's dress was that she wore a better corset than there is on the market to-day. No, we must not delude ourselves with the notion that there is anything startlingly original about us in ourselves, our dress, our ways or our laws. Most of us, in fact, are merely stereotyped copies of something or another.

As for art in the dressing of to-day, I do not find much of it, and I have sought for it, as diligently as Diogenes sought for something else as hard to



ENGLISH FISHERWOMAN



FRANCE, 1810.



BRITTANY CAPS.

FRANCE
1800.

find, and with a lantern too, on dark bicycle paths; in the glare of sunlight on ocean beach and on asphalt street; in brilliant ballrooms and in the quiet calm of



SPANISH PEASANTS.

our homes. I find much that is stylish, "cute," "chic" and even "stunning;" but are we willing to have posterity judge of us by those standards? We test the relative barbarity or civilization of a nation's past by its architecture, its literature and its dress. There is not much danger of our buildings lasting long enough to serve that purpose, but surely our wives do not want to go thundering down into future ages with the hats on that are now indorsed by Fashion, nor in the kaleidoscopic gowns also sanctioned by that same fickle dame!

Delving into the past for records of madame's garbs is no easy task; it takes time, and patience too. As far back as fashion-plates date it is, of course, a simple matter, but farther back than that we have to depend upon paintings of the times, history, relics, mummies, hieroglyphics, and some tradition—which latter is to be depended upon about as much in dress as it is in religion. The first dress journal was published in Paris, in 1785; the next in London, 1787. They were not frequent or very voluminous, for

even the court ladies indulged in not over three bonnets a season, and a style lasted a whole year. The Chinese have done the best for us, in that direction, of all the nations. Their empire, stretching back in an unbroken line for four thousand years, has systematically preserved the records of their costume and language so that we know *exactly* how they spoke and dressed during all that time. We see in the museum of Singaufou the stone tablets upon which were carefully engraved by Yu the costumes and vocabulary of the province of Chen Si 2200 B.C.!

GRECIAN COSTUME REVIVED
IN FRANCE.

Glancing over the records we do have of all nations civilized and savage and of all times, from the fabled fig-leaves of our very great, great grandparents down to our own bicycle suits, there is nothing, it seems to me at least, so idiotically ridiculous, so exaggerated, as the costuming of Latin Europe in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century; and was

it not a sign of the times and in strict keeping with the decadence of worn-out monarchies, the senility of an over-pampered race or the riotous liberty of new-

founded republics? The excesses of fashion in France, for instance, during the Directoire and First-Consul periods were revolting. Greco-mania held sway then for a time when the exposure of the person in a single Grecian robe was so extreme, to put it mildly, that it was positively indecent. You may judge of other things by the fact that the ladies had their phaetons fashioned after the manner of Greek chariots, and drove standing! A dame of 1776 had her face painted and powdered, and patched with black plaster (a fashion not altogether dead to-day); she wore a low corsage, even on the street, a truncated panier, a balloon-framed skirt and a wire-distended overskirt trimmed with



ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

braids, wide ribbons, plastrons, laces, flowers in garlands crosswise and

FRANCE

1810.



A PARISIENNE 1798.

lengthwise and festoons of beads and ostrich feathers everywhere and in all colors. Besides her own hair she had four pounds of false, four-inch-wide ribbons, two yards of lace in the form of a fly-catcher behind, five ostrich plumes and forty-three cock's feathers, besides flowers galore—a pile of stuff twenty-six inches high above her forehead. And what a power was the dressmaker of that period! She ruled Europe, but instead of doing so with a rod of iron, held it by silken cords and wrapped in a lace chiffon.

In France Rose Bertin was the leader, the chief high priestess, of fashion, and was the most noted *couturiere* of her time. One day during a grand court parade the queen saw this damsel, her dressmaker, with her thirty assistants, sitting upon a balcony viewing the ceremony, and waved her hand to her in recognition, and the king, also seeing her there, said, "Ah! voila notre Reine des Modes, Mademoiselle Bertin," and clapped his hands at her—a sign of highest approval. The court officials, the lordlings and other hangers-on immediately aped their master's ways and paid deep homage to this erstwhile humble lass of the "Quai de Gesvres." Poets, catching the fever, raved over her charms and her talents, and painters "submitted" designs for costumes for her approval; the world was hers—and she was smart enough to improve her opportunity, for her nephews and nieces—she died childless and a spinster—divided up something like forty thousand dollars. A nowise mean fortune for those days.



SPANISH WATER GIRL.

Fashions in dress and form change most suddenly and have ever done so, and are strangely responsible for peculiar conditions, rather than affected by these conditions. The shapes and complexions of people change with fashions; paleness and leanness together with clinging draperies were cultivated during the reign of Henry III., and at the end of his reign it seemed that everyone *was* lean and pale or, at least, so laced and powdered as to simulate those attributes. In the very next reign it was ordained that stout and rosy should be the order of the day, and "stout and rosy" it was, within a very few years too. The changes were so many and so sudden that they were, I might say, *unhealthy*. The one period, in western and southwestern Europe, during which there was something like permanence and stability in fashion—hence the most really artistic period of that section's later history—was all of the sixteenth and the first thirty years of the seventeenth century.

Perhaps on account of the many wars and consequent mourning, the ladies then robed themselves in darker colors—more becomingly, modestly yet richly.

What a prominent part has the sash, belt, cord or other waistband always played in dress! It dates back to the greatest antiquity and has been the badge of all sorts of orders and conditions. At one time in



JAPANESE COIFFURE.



HUNGARIAN



ENGLISH MILKMAID.

laws framed; their sway was mighty, much to the chagrin of the faithful and neglected wives of the gay Venetians. The costumes of the Middle Ages were interesting—whole volumes could hardly describe them fittingly. Rich fabrics were worn, but there was little trimming. The general shapes were becoming to lithe, dainty figures,



RUSSIAN BRIDE.

fashioned it over for her eldest daughter. Daughters and sons were the fashion then, and my lady devoted considerable time to their care and education, which perhaps accounted for her "dressing in the morning for the day."

Writing about change of costume for occasion, reminds one of a story told about one of the ladies of Louis XIV.'s court, who one

Venice it was the only distinguishing mark of respectability, the courtesans being forbidden to wear corded belts. I can imagine what a display the virtuous made of *their* belts!

Venice always did have trouble with her off-colored dames, and found it difficult to keep the black separated from the white sheep, or in fact even to *know* them apart. At another time they were enjoined from wearing pearls, but soon began to wear such close semblances of these that all distinction of classes was again obliterated except to connoisseurs or lapidaries. The demi-monde, you know, were all-powerful in Venice anyway; they held high revel and high court there. Statesmen and diplomats met at their haunts; weighty affairs of state were transacted there too, treaties ratified and



ARMENIANS.

but our stout ancestors appeared to some disadvantage. A fairly good idea of some of the fashions of the period can be gathered by glancing at the garb of the various orders of Catholic sisters, some of whom we are sure to meet "on some errand of mercy bent."

Their dress and headgear and modest mien are some of the relics we have, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries principally. There was not the changing of dress for different occasions that was carried to excess later and is so much practiced to-day. Madam had her state, court dress, carefully preserved in a cedar chest its full length that there might be no crease in it; a riding-habit, with some two yards or more of skirt to it, that did duty for travel, jousting, the chase and falconry, and a "dress in ordinary" for home and all other occasions, and that she wore for a year or more, after which she and her maids



HOLLAND, XVII. CENTURY.



RUSSIA, XIX. CENTURY.



ALSACE

Sunday went to church in her riding-habit. The priest reprimanded her from the pulpit, saying she ought to wear her very best in the house of God to show proper respect, and finally winding up by sending her home—a public disgrace. She, not to be outdone, went home and hurriedly donned her ball-dress (and history says she was famed for her risque costumes) and returning to church “marched up the aisle to the very front, her corsage so low cut as to make her appear, seen over the ends of the pews, as if naked; the men all climbed upon the seats, some women fainted, others left the church and those that remained hid their faces in very shame;” the good father hurriedly finished the service and retired to the sacristy. But history sayeth not what penance she received at her next confession.

There are a couple of costumes that might be used with propriety, with a few unimportant changes, for bicycle suits. One is that of a Norse maiden of 1780. She wore a red kerchief around her head; a white shirt and collar; a deep-brown short jacket and skirt trimmed with green, gilt and red braid; purple pantalettes gathered below the knee; bright blue stockings, and gilded leather shoes! The other is



HUNGARY, XIX. CENTURY.

a young lady of Dieppe, France, 1827. Hers is an astrakhan cap with an aigrette, a white ruffled neckerchief, a bright crimson vest embroidered in green and gold, coat and slashed skirt of navy-blue piped in white, white lace pantalettes over white and blue striped stockings, and black shoes.

In the earlier times of Rome the costumes were rude affairs indeed; as she grew in power, her dames affected more barbaric splendor and orientalism of attire, until finally, after the conquest of Greece, she became the great exponent of art in all matters. It matters little to us if her dress was Greco-Roman, if not



ARAB WOMAN.

altogether Grecian. Woman then affected languid airs and statuesque drapery, in the latter respect even surpassing her models, the Greeks. A dame at the time when old Rome was at the very zenith of her glory, wore a stola, or large tunic, with long sleeves caught up at the shoulders with a jeweled silver clasp; then an instita, a sort of train that was gathered in at the waist and hung in graceful folds over the heels; then



ITALY, XIX. CENTURY



EUROPE, XV. CENTURY.

POLAND, XIV.
CENTURY.

the palla, that was fastened at the shoulders, generally by jeweled chains, and completely covered her as a long cape, but always was thrown back or wound artistically around one arm, or thrown across the breast and over one shoulder. In woman's dress colors were not much affected, the finest of linens and white silks predominating. Sometimes a fine line of silver thread was woven into the silk as its sole ornament, at other times the palla was trimmed with a border of rich embroidery, but as a rule the costumes were simple, stately and modest. All honest women were ordered by Aurelian to wear red shoes, as did their husbands. In earlier times both men and women wore the toga (this was usually about four and one-half yards long from tip to tip), but later, wives were forbidden it; still later, "man's dress," as the toga was called, was made compulsory for divorced women and prostitutes. When colors were worn, reds, blues, purples and soft yellows were generally affected.

The Roman woman used a simpler form of hair-dressing than did her Greek sister, fewer bands and combs and jewels, but in her baths and shampooing and the



A BRITTANY HOME.

thousand and one other details of the toilet, they were as particular one as the other. Many hours a day were spent in these rites, and a grand dame's preparation for a feast was more of a ceremony and of far longer duration than it is to-day.

A Greek lady (of the time of Homer if at no other, for he goes into much detail relative to the subject) spent at least an hour in being bathed, then her hands and feet were perfumed with the "essences of Egypt," her locks were anointed with marjolaine, knees and neck with serpolet. The first article of dress was a belt of finest linen tightly wrapped just below the breasts—a sort of corset, the apodisine—next the face was attended to, powdered with cyrus, lips were crimsoned and cheeks reddened, delicate lines of brown traced at the eyebrows, the lashes blackened, the locks powdered with red and the breasts and neck delicately veined with the pigments from purple of the hyacinth and the green jasper of India. The isophorium was next donned, a short and narrow chemise worn night and day; then the tunic, long and trailing and of the finest of linen. Next in order was a chiton, with no sleeves or at most very short ones, a sort of upper tunic,



POLAND, XIII. CENTURY.



RUSSIAN HEADDRESSES.

belted in high at the waist and trailing on the floor. Sandals were then laced on, or for some occasions red leather shoes of the most perfect fit; then the diadem, ear ornaments, rings and other jewels were fastened in place. The overdresses and cloaks were then in order—the palla, a sort of over-tunic; the chlamydion, essentially a drapery "disposed of around one's person most artistically." The regilla, the chliene and the pharos were cloaks or capes for various occasions, generally of the brightest colors and oftentimes "filagree" of to-day is and bands.



ANCIENT BRITON.

The next antedating period, in dress, as in tian. I never think of history of Egypt with- ings of the deepest re- might say, for that an- and a sense of almost much vaunted and ex-



ANCIENT GREECE.

tion. Her ancient monuments tell but the chronology of her kings indubitably that her civilization was most ancient. Abraham, 2054 B.C., when journeying into Lower Egypt found not indications of civilization but a people who even then were proud of their *ancient* monuments, and whose customs, language and dress were those of a long-established and highly cultured race. What must have been the Egyptians before Thothmes I., who established the brilliant eighteenth dynasty? If a thousand

and most interesting all else, was the Egyp- or delve into the early out experiencing feel- spect, almost awe, I cient and noble people, revulsion for our own aggerated new civiliza- us but little as to dates,



MODERN EGYPTIAN.



FRENCH STREET COSTUME, XVIII. CENTURY.



ITALY, XVI. CENTURY.

years after Ramses II. we find their customs, their laws, buildings and dress the same as during his time, may we not justly suppose they were also the same a thousand years before his time? And if so, to what epoch may we ascribe the beginning of the laws and customs of a people so opposed as they were to change? Take, for instance, the mandora player. We find representations of her and of the instrument she is playing upon in paintings and bas-reliefs of sixteen and seventeen



FRENCH BOUDOIR, 1650.

centuries before Christ. May not further excavations and trained scrutiny of their hieroglyphics reveal her to us in periods of seventeen hundred years before then, even as she is revealed to us to-day in the customs and costume of her poor degenerate descendants? The Egyptians affected varying and most wonderful headgear, the ardor of the sun necessitating ample covering. Thick veils were worn over the head, crossed at the forehead, tied at the back and hanging over the shoulders; hats or bonnets made upon light metal frames were also worn; there was a system of weaving wool into the braids of the hair, thus forming another sort of bonnet; thick wigs of real hair were also in vogue. The greatest care was taken of the hair; it was washed and combed and pomaded, then tightly braided into tiny spirals. The Egyptians' hair was not thick, and they used to cut it squarely off at the shoulders, so that to simulate longer hair, or for other reasons, false was woven into each ringlet, much as a Chinaman weaves a silken extension into his queue. They anointed the entire body with oily perfumes—so as to preserve the elasticity of their movements, history tells us; the women used a green and a black tint for the eyelashes, a sort of kola; the cheeks were powdered and rouged; blue veins were

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PERSIAN HOURI.



CHINESE.

traced upon the forehead; carmine was rubbed upon the lips and the finger tips were dipped in henna, a reddish-orange tint. White was the usual dress, but all colors, the deepest and the brightest, were worn at times.

The headpieces were usually of wool, embroidered, striped in various colors and with insertions of fine golden wires. For the dress, cotton, linen and wool were used; they wove a muslin, or imported it from India, of the finest mesh, transparent and almost as silky as cobweb. Sandals were rarely worn. Jewelry



MIDDLE AGES.

was much worn—armlets and anklets of gold or damascened steel, necklaces of pearls; corals, agates and onyx were also much in favor.

The Orientals of ancient times, as of to-day, affected the brightest coloring and generally graceful forms of dress. The costume of a maid of Trebizone, a Persian, was a white linen tightly fitting chemisette, a silken skirt, a cashmere shawl (such as the Duke d'Aquillon introduced into Europe in 1773, a present to his "dear friend" Mme. du Barry) tied around the loins and a bright red jacket beautifully worked with spangles, braid and gilt beads. The women of Kurdistan affect a similar jacket of a peacock-blue cloth trimmed with bright gold braid and cords and buttons. The same richness of applied ornament was found in the



TYROLESE.

costumes of the Turkish ladies before they were influenced by London and Paris. It consisted of a red felt fez with its blue puskul set jauntily on the raven locks, a white crêpe-silk shirt, a Nile-green satin entari and franka (an open waist and skirt) belted at the waist with a red silken sash covered by an under-cape, a djubbe of blood-red velvet most beautifully and delicately embroidered in gold and bright green and covered in its turn by a cloak of the same goods as the dress and also embroidered in gold; slippers of the finest red leather fittingly terminated this costume that cost his pashaship eight hundred and



TURKEY. XVIII. CENTURY.



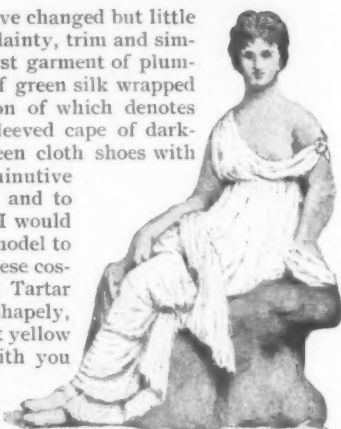
THE HOOPSKIRT IN FRANCE, XVIII. CENTURY.

forty dollars. The costumes of China and Japan have changed but little in time. That of the Japanese women was and is dainty, trim and simplicity itself. A lady of high estate is clad in a first garment of plum-colored silk confined at the waist by a broad sash of green silk wrapped twice around and tied in a huge bow, the position of which denotes whether its possessor is married or single, a wide-sleeved cape of dark-green cloth striped with purple and red lines; green cloth shoes with thick wooden soles add a couple of inches to her diminutive figure. Her hair is "done up" most wonderfully, and to anyone who loves to spend hours over her coiffure, I would recommend the Japanese style as a most fitting model to follow, if killing time is a desideratum. The Chinese costume I do not like. It is Oriental in coloring, but Tartar influence and its northern climate have made it unshapely, clumsy in form. Red, blue, green, purple and bright yellow are incorporated in it. I would like to ramble on with you



INDIA.

through the mazes of the other ancient costumes of those ancient dames, but my space forbids even a passing glance at them. Herodotus and Strabo tell us about the Assyrians, and Plutarch entertains us with details of Persian dress, and Xenophon treats upon that of the Medes, and Moses has left us his prescriptions as to what should be worn by the ancient Hebrews. All most interesting reading and immeasurably instructive. No time or clime is void of interest either. The maro of the ancient Polynesian and the torbassi of our contemporary Esquimaux have an analogy; and by such discoveries do our scientists pave the way to the greater truths that so jealously guard themselves from our inquisitive eyes. Jaeger would never have thought of the Behring Sea passage and the consequent well-sustained theory of a common race had he not found evidences in some Aztec relics of the closest kinship to most ancient Asiatic work. Races, however cultivated, cling most tenaciously to the customs and costumes of their fathers; barbarian races do still more so, and this quite astonishing influence not only makes itself felt by generations and centuries, but is traceable back in periods of thousands of years, in an ever-narrowing circle.



GRECIAN.



[NOTE.—The illustrations accompanying the foregoing article are reproduced from the various volumes of Racinet's "Historical Costumes."]



HOW THE BANANA IS GROWN.

BY FREDERICK S. LYMAN.

THE lands of the banana are not one but many. Before Revolutionary times Cuba shipped many hundred thousands of bunches a year to northern markets and will yet do so again; and Jamaica has in the three parishes of Portland, St. Mary and St. Thomas fifteen hundred acres under banana cultivation. But the land of the banana is par excellence Costa Rica. From Costa Rica come the best and largest bananas that are sold in the New York and New Orleans markets, the bunches weighing from twenty-five to one hundred pounds each. In 1896 about two million bunches were shipped from Port Limon, and the number for 1897 must have reached three million.

The most famous banana district in Costa Rica is that of Matina. Once or twice a year the Matina River overflows its banks, bringing down with it a vast amount of silt, which it distributes over the low-lying lands to the depth of sev-

eral inches. This silt is a fertilizer of the richest kind. It does more than manure the land; it drowns out all the taltucers—gopher-like animals which are the worst of all pests to the banana-grower. In this district, banana trees often reach a height of thirty-five feet, a height rarely attained by this species elsewhere. The banana grows best on the lowlands near the sea and along the river banks, the most productive farms lying from fifty to three hundred feet above the sea-level. Here in Costa Rica the land is so rich that manures are never used, and after a farm has been in bearing for fifteen years, a few plowings will make it yield again like virgin soil. In most cases the banana farms are not plowed, the grass and weeds being cut by the machete. But when the plow is used the expense of keeping the ground clear is reduced one-half.

The preparation of a banana farm is an

interesting sight. The land and its vegetation have a tropic splendor that is fascinating to a northern eye, and the men engaged in the work present an entertaining variety of human nature.

When a piece of forest land is to be planted in bananas, a gang of laborers is first set to clearing away the underbrush—no easy task in such a clime. Then with a long rope are measured off rows six yards apart to be planted with "bits"—cuttings from the banana root. At every six yards in the length of rope is tied a piece of red tape, and at every piece of tape a stake is driven into the ground to mark the holes to be dug for the "bits." The "bits" once planted, the men are put to work with axes to cut down the trees.

In six months' time the banana rows must be cleaned; in ten months all the weeds have to be cut down, and twelve months after the "bit" is set is obtained the first crop, or "cutting," as the planters prefer to call it. On rich land, such as is found along the Matina River, the trees, producing fruit all the year round, will keep on bearing from thirty to forty years and will yield four hundred bunches a year to the acre.

The banana farms are almost all managed by foreigners, among whom Americans and Germans predominate. Next to the owner or manager comes the Jamaican under-boas, a very important person in his own estimation. He generally wears a big silver watch-chain, a revolver and a machete—a combination whose air of mingled wealth and "business" he deems

of great assistance in the fulfillment of his duty. That is to get all the work he can out of the men. Last in the scale come the laborers. Most of these are Jamaica negroes, the native peon of Costa Rica being unable to endure so well as they the hot, humid climate of the lowlands. They do all the work and, naturally, receive the least pay.

To the owner, the shipment of his fruit is of course the most interesting part of the work. When he receives a notice to cut bananas he is allowed two days' time to collect the fruit and carry it out to the railroad, where it is piled up on platforms to await the arrival of the banana trains. These are composed of box-cars with wide openings between the rails to afford free circulation of the air. On each train is a receiver who counts the fruit and writes a receipt for the amount he takes in from the different farms. Sometimes there are as many as four trains out at once picking up bananas to be carried to Port Limon for the lading of a single New York boat. For this fruit the grower receives only thirty cents gold for a large bunch and fifteen cents for smaller ones. Yet even at this price the business is a paying one. The natural difficulties are few, labor



BANANA-PLANTERS.

is cheap, and the results are larger every year. Given the proper temperament and a physique capable of bearing the heat and moisture, the banana-planter's lot is not the hardest known.

Although the planter receives what seems such a ridiculously small sum for the fruit, when one stops to think that within a week's time a thirty-cent bunch will quite likely retail for ten dollars in New York, yet his part of the banana industry is far and away the most sure financially. The planter runs but very little risk. His crop is almost as regular and sure as clock-work, while the shipper, on the other hand, occasionally meets with severe losses by the fruit decaying on the voyage. Unseasonable weather or a long and stormy passage frequently rob the unfortunate shipper of all his profits.

Botanists assert that the banana is not a native of Central America or the West Indies, but that the plant has been imported to all parts of the world from the tropical lands of the east. It seems, however, to thrive better in its new home than in its native soil.

The varieties of bananas cultivated in Costa Rica are as numerous as the varieties of apples in northern climes. While the red-skinned bananas are considered the superior in the New York market, the



A BANANA ORCHARD.

yellow-skinned are much the more common, as, being less juicy, they stand the trip better and do not decay so quickly.

The best authorities now agree that there is no specific difference between the banana and the plantain, and that the names are frequently interchanged.

Some of the bunches grow to an enor-



LOADING A TRAIN.

mous size, a single cluster frequently weighing as much as eighty pounds. The productiveness of the banana is really wonderful. Humboldt estimated that as compared with wheat it was as one hundred and thirty-three to one, and as against potatoes forty-four to one.

While in Costa Rica the fruit is used extensively for food, it is by no means the main dependence of the natives, as it is on many islands in the Pacific. A useful and nutritious flour is extensively made by grinding the unripe fruit after it has been dried in the sun.

Analysis shows that this banana flour contains a very large quantity of starch, an average of more than seventy-one per cent, having been found. This element, which is so prominent in the immature fruit, changes into sugar as the fruit ripens and gives the banana its sweetish taste.

The tree, except where it reaches its uncommon development along the banks of the Matina, usually rises to a height of ten or fifteen feet, while the leaves will frequently grow to be ten feet long and

two wide. The stem which bears the bunches of fruit, usually two or three at once, is cut down, or dies down naturally after the fruit is matured. Within a few weeks another stem starts up to bear more clusters, and so on without stopping for a generation.

Limon, or Port Limon as it is generally called, is the main seaport of the country. Although it has a population of less than fifteen hundred people, it is quite a thriving and busy town. Steamers from New York, Boston, New Orleans and Kingston make regular calls there, as, in addition to the banana trade which is already so large and steadily growing, large shipments are made of coffee, rubber and other products of the country. As bananas are so perishable, naturally it is necessary to get them to market in the quickest possible time. For this reason the banana steamers are unusually fast boats for their class. This also gives the Costa Rica planter the enjoyment of frequent and quick communication with the outside world.



CHIEF JUSTICE MELVILLE W. FULLER.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN.

PERSONNEL OF THE SUPREME COURT.

BY NANNIE-BELLE MAURY.

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, in New York City, the Supreme Court of the United States held its first session and adjourned immediately for lack of business. Who could have foretold then that a day was coming when people would have to stand in line three years before they could get a chance to be heard by that same court?

John Jay, the first chief justice, was secretary of state and chief justice at the same time, for six months, and after presiding over the Supreme Court for several years, actually resigned what is now the greatest office under the government to become Governor of New York.

In no other country is there a court that can set aside a law of the land. The Supreme Court of the United States has this unique power. It is the interpreter of the Constitution. Congress may pass a law and the President may sign it, but

if the Supreme Court says that that law is not in accordance with the Constitution, it is null and void.

Every litigant, no matter how humble a person he may be, has the opinion of every one of the judges upon his case. Each judge studies it individually after hearing the arguments, and on conference day they discuss it together. The chief justice assigns to the others the cases in which they are to write opinions—a duty requiring no little tact and acumen—and every Saturday night his messenger goes the rounds of the judges' houses delivering sealed envelopes containing the list of cases allotted to each.

The present chief justice, Melville Weston Fuller, was appointed by President Cleveland during his first administration. He was a prominent member of the Chicago bar and was well qualified for the office in ability, learning, charac-



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HORACE GRAY.

ter and age. There was nothing in his past career to explain or to defend. At the time of his appointment he was in the prime of life, with a large family, and a practice which is said to have brought him from thirty to forty thousand dollars a year. In accepting the high honor conferred upon him the chief justice was obliged to sacrifice this comfortable income for a salary of about one-fourth that amount.

Mr. Fuller had distinguished himself in the "Lake Front" case, in which he represented the immense interests of the city of Chicago, and won a celebrated legal battle which attracted much attention. His arguments in the famous Cheney case, in which he defended Bishop Cheney before an ecclesiastical tribunal, also won him great distinction, not only on account of their eloquence and skill, but for the extraordinary knowledge of ecclesiastical lore which they displayed.

He was born in Augusta, Maine, in 1833, and it is interesting to know that he and James G. Blaine began life together in that little town as reporters for

Democratic and Republican newspapers. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1853, and studying law at the Harvard Law School, young Fuller practiced in Maine for several years and then went West and settled in Chicago.

His home is one of those hospitable, comfortable old houses that used to be the fashion a generation or so ago. It opens on one side into a garden full of roses and syringa and other sweet old-fashioned flowers; from the upper windows you have a view of the river and the hills over in Virginia.

Here in this quiet home, surrounded by his many children and grandchildren—and a pet parrot named Laura who is his constant companion—the Chief Justice of the United States lives as tranquil and domestic a life as any private citizen.

One has only to look at the man to see that he has a kindly, lovable disposition. It is written in his face, with its beautiful, abundant white hair. The calm dignity and sweetness of his expression seem to promise justice tempered with mercy—very much tempered. In his presence



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN.

one feels that the court of last resort may not after all be so awful as it sounds.

The seat on the right of the chief justice is always occupied by the associate justice who has been longest on the bench; that on the left by the next in the order of seniority, and so on, alternately from right to left. The resignation of Justice Field has promoted Justice John Marshall Harlan to the post of honor. Judge Harlan is as fine a type of manhood as old Kentucky ever produced—big of body, big of brain and big of heart. He is named after Chief Justice Marshall, of whom his father was an ardent admirer, and was born in Boyle County, Kentucky, in 1833. He is a graduate of Centre College, Kentucky, studied law at Transylvania University and practiced his profession at Frankfort.

When the war broke out young Harlan took a fearless stand for the Union cause, at a time when the loyalty of Kentucky was doubted and the action of every citizen was of the utmost importance.

In the fall of 1861, he organized and became the colonel of the 10th Kentucky



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE.

Volunteer Infantry, and was in active service until the death of his father two years later, which obliged him for family reasons to resign and return home, although promotion to the rank of brigadier-general was just before him.

Soon after leaving the army Colonel Harlan was elected Attorney-general of Kentucky by the Union party, and was twice nominated for the governorship—against his own wishes—by the Republicans. He was chairman of the Kentucky delegation at the convention that nominated Mr. Hayes, and was appointed by him to the Supreme Court, in 1877.

Justice Harlan was only forty-four when he took his seat on the Supreme bench, and his career is certainly a strong argument on the side of those who contend that men should be selected for that bench while they are still young enough to have many of their best years before them.

His dissenting opinions are exceedingly strong and would have made his reputation if he had never written any others. Particularly his dissent in the Civil Rights cases, concerning certain privileges



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE GEORGE W. SHIRAS, JR.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE RUFUS W. PECKHAM.

claimed by the colored people, a question which brought out forcibly one of Justice Harlan's strongest characteristics, his love of freedom and his firm belief in the equality of all men before the law. He stood alone in the Civil Rights cases against the whole court, and his famous dissenting opinion, delivered without note or memorandum, made a profound impression.

Everybody remembers the sensation his dissenting opinion in the income tax cases created two or three years ago. The judge, be it said, is a born orator, with great command of language. In his vehement protest against the decision of the court he was swept off his feet, and departing from the even, low tone always adopted by the judges when delivering an opinion, he thundered down his dissent with a passionate eloquence that electrified the court.

On the chief justice's left sits the giant of the court, Mr. Justice Gray. When a man stands six feet four inches in his stockings, is broad and stalwart in proportion and looks as if he had never been

ill a day in his life, one does not expect him to tower intellectually as well as physically, but Justice Gray is noted as a veritable storehouse of legal knowledge, which is at his command at a moment's notice. His mind is of a high order—not only well stored, but vigorous, logical and clear. He has, moreover, the most astonishing capacity for work.

Justice Gray is a Bostonian, and was born in the year 1828. He graduated from Harvard in the class of '45, and took the course at the Harvard Law School. For seven years he was reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and was afterward appointed associate justice of that court. Later, he became its chief justice, and continued as such until 1881, when President Arthur appointed him to the Supreme bench of the United States.

The principal feature of Justice Gray's home on I Street is a magnificent library. In fact, the entire house has been made subservient to this one room, the windows being placed unusually far apart in order to give plenty of wall space for the book



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

shelves. The judge is too much absorbed in his books to be fond of society. He leads the life of a scholar, and when not on the bench is generally to be found at work at home.

Justice David J. Brewer is a tremendously popular man both socially and professionally. There is a magnetism about him that seems to bring him in close touch with his fellows. He talks well, tells a good story and is a ready and witty after-dinner speaker, in constant demand. He has a clean-shaven, fine face, and is considered one of the ablest men on the Supreme bench.

In character, learning and ability Judge Brewer is a true representative of the distinguished family to which he belongs. He is a nephew to those four world-renowned brothers—David Dudley Field, Cyrus Field, the Rev. Henry M. Field and Justice Field, and until the recent retirement of the latter, uncle and nephew sat together on the bench of the highest court in the land, a thing that had never been recorded before.

Justice Brewer's mother married the Rev. Josiah Brewer, a missionary to Asia Minor, and their son was born in Smyrna in 1839. He graduated with high honors from Yale in the now famous class of 1856, studied law for a year in the office of his uncle, David Dudley Field, and finished his legal education at the Albany Law School. At twenty-one, he went West, and finally settled in Leavenworth, Kansas, where he lived until President Harrison appointed him to the Supreme Court in 1889.

Justice Brewer was appointed a member of the Venezuela Commission three years ago by President Cleveland, and he and the chief justice will go abroad this year to take part in the arbitration of the Venezuelan boundary question.

Justice Henry B. Brown was appointed by President Harrison in 1890. He was a classmate of his colleague, Justice Brewer, and also of Chauncey Depew.

On the bench he is the personification of dignity; his strong, square-cut, intellectual face is gravely attentive, and from head to foot he is a typical judge. But off the bench he is another man altogether—genial, debonair, throwing himself with almost boyish zest into whatever pursuits and pleasures opportunity

offers. He has the happy faculty of dismissing business from his mind absolutely, when business is done. Sitting next him at a dinner you would wonder who your delightful neighbor might be, but you would never discover from anything he said whether he was statesman, judge, doctor or lawyer, so entirely free is his conversation from any suggestion of "shop."

He was born in 1836, at South Lee, Massachusetts. After studying law both at the New Haven and Harvard Law Schools he decided to settle in Detroit, where he rapidly rose to distinction at the bar, and also held some prominent offices, culminating in the United States district judgeship for the eastern district of Michigan, where he presided for fifteen years, until his promotion to the Supreme Court of the United States.

His decisions as district judge rank very high in the esteem of the Supreme Court, particularly those in admiralty cases. "Brown's Admiralty Reports" are among the highest authorities in the country. His district in Michigan ranked next to the southern district in New York in the extent of its admiralty business, and this was partly because the proctors in other lake cities so much preferred to try their cases before him that they would wait to serve papers until they could do so in his jurisdiction.

Soon after coming to Washington he built a beautiful house on Sixteenth Street—a reproduction of his home in Detroit, to which he was greatly attached—and here he delights to entertain, being extremely fond of society.

In the art of letter-writing Judge Brown has few equals. His style is as easy and natural as if he were talking, and he has an indescribable, characteristic way of putting things, that makes even a note, on the most trivial subject, original.

Justice Shiras is of a different type of man altogether. He is fonder of books than of men, spends the greater part of his leisure time in his library and goes into society only when he has to. If the judge has a hobby, it is fishing; and he plays a mighty good game of whist. He stands over six feet high, and holds himself very erect. His face in repose is rather grave, and even severe, but it masks a wit so keen-edged and original

that it would be hard to find its match.

He comes of a well-known pioneer family and was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1832. His father was a native of the same city, and a cousin of James G. Blaine.

Justice Shiras is the third representative of Yale College now on the Supreme bench. He graduated in 1853 in the same class with President White of Cornell University, Wayne MacVeagh, the late Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, and several other prominent men. He studied law at the Yale Law School and for twenty years stood in the front rank of his profession.

He was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Harrison in 1892. The appointment was asked for by one of the fullest meetings of the Alleghany county bar ever held, the lawyers being unanimous in their request.

Justice Edward Douglass White is a Louisianian; a typical Southern gentleman, with the easy grace and charm of manner which is characteristic of the New Orleans people. He is a man of commanding presence—tall, broad-shouldered, with a fresh complexion and a look of health and general well-being which the arduous work of his position seems unable to affect in the slightest degree.

Justice White's father was in Congress for many years, and at one time Governor of Louisiana. The son was born in Lafourche Parish, Louisiana, in 1845. He is a Roman Catholic, and was educated at the Jesuit College in New Orleans and at the Catholic College at Georgetown, D. C. He finished his college course before he came of age, entered the Confederate army and served in the war. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-three, and after practicing six years was elected state senator. He took an active interest in political affairs and was a prominent leader in the movement to overthrow the Burke régime in New Orleans and also in the anti-lottery fight.

In 1878 he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and did not again take an active part in politics until he succeeded Mr. Eustis—our late ambassador to France—in the United States Senate. Senator White particularly distinguished himself in his argument against the constitutionality

of the Anti-Option law, which the lawyers of the Senate said was the ablest on that subject.

Mr. White's appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States, which followed the rejection of Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, brother of the present Justice Peckham, was as great a surprise to him as it was to the country. He received his commission from President Cleveland in 1894.

Justice Rufus W. Peckham has the full name of his father, who was a prominent lawyer and judge of New York State, and lost his life in the disaster of the "Ville de Havre." As a boy, Rufus Peckham, Jr., was devoted to every kind of sport—rode well, was a fine swimmer and baseball player and delighted in all games of strength and agility.

He was born in Albany in 1838, and when younger than most freshmen in our colleges began to study law in his father's office and in the Albany Law School. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and began to practice as a member of his father's firm. It is singular how much alike the careers of the two Rufus Peckhams have been. Each began his public services as district attorney. Both became justices of the Supreme Court of the state when very young men, and were promoted a few years afterward to the Court of Appeals of New York, and both of them earned a high reputation in that court for learning, impartiality and general ability.

Justice Peckham was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland in 1895. He is a handsome, distinguished-looking man—one whom you would single out in a crowd—and his prematurely white hair adds to the dignity of his presence.

The ninth seat on the bench which became vacant on the retirement of Justice Field, is at the time of writing not yet filled; but it seems to be the accepted opinion that it is to be given to the present attorney-general, Joseph McKenna, of California, formerly a member of Congress and late United States circuit judge.

Such, briefly outlined, is the personnel of the Supreme Court. Not a member of it but is an able, upright and clear-lived man, whose record shows him to be worthy of his high office.

GLORIA MUNDI.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

III.—Continued.

MR. EDWARD'S meditations, unwontedly facile in their movements for him, had reached this point, when his mind reverted to the fact that he was still regarding the back of Barlow, who, instead of going out, stood holding the door open, his lean figure poised in ceremonious expectancy. Even as the surprised Edward continued looking, the butler made a staid obeisance.

A stalwart, erect, burly old gentleman came in, and halted just over the threshold to look about him. He had the carriage, dress and general aspect of a prosperous and opinionated farmer. The suggestion of acres and crops was peculiarly marked in the broad, low soft hat on his head, and in the great white beard which spread fan-wise over his ample breast. He had the face of one who had spent a life in commanding others, and had learned meanwhile to master himself—a frank, high-featured, ruddy face, with a conspicuously prominent and well-curved nose, and steady, confident eyes. He folded his hands over his stick and, holding his head well back, glanced about the room at his ease. It was a glance from which the various eyes that it encountered somehow turned away.

"How-do, Eddy? How-do, Gus?" the newcomer said impassively to the two young men who, with palpable constraint, came up to greet him. He shook hands with each, but seemed more interested in viewing the company at large. His appearance had produced a visible effect of numbness upon the group of guests, but he seemed not to mind this.

"Quite a party!" he observed. His voice was full and robust, and not unamiable. "All military?"

Edward nodded. "All but Gus, here. Glad to introduce 'em, if you like," he murmured, with a kind of sullen deference.

"Presently, presently," said Lord

Julius, with an effect of heartiness at which Edward lifted his head.

"Drive over from Clun this morning?" the young man asked. "Then you'll want breakfast. Ring the bell, Gus. We're just starting for the Mere copse. Glad to have you make an eighth gun, if you'll come to us after you've eaten. You still shoot, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I still shoot," said the other.

Edward had a sense of embarrassment at his great-uncle's immobility in the doorway. "Well, we'll get along to the gun-room now," he said to the others. Then to Lord Julius he remarked, with an air of making conversation, "I always say to the fellows that I ask nothing better in this world than to be as fit as you are when I'm your age. Let's see—seventy-six, isn't it?"



Drawn by E. West Clinedinst.

"SHE WANDERED OVER TO A ROW OF EARLY CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

The elder man nodded. "I'm sure that's a modest enough ambition," he observed. His steady gray eyes dallied with the young man's countenance for a moment. "I'm relieved to learn that you want nothing more than that."

Edward looked up swiftly, and braved an instant's piercing scrutiny of the other's face. Then he laughed, uneasily. "Oh, I want a few other things too."

Lord Julius lowered his voice. "I would put among your wants a trifling matter of good taste, Eddy," he said, not unkindly.

Captain Edward flushed. "If I could see that it really made any difference between the First and the Second," he answered with dogged civility, "I wouldn't shoot until to-morrow. If you're keen about it now, I'll—"

"Oh, damn your First and Second," broke in the old man, keeping his voice down below the hearing of the others, but letting impatience glow in his eyes; "you had no business to bring these men here at all. No—I see that you don't understand me. You needn't explain. It's entirely a question of feeling."

"I'm sorry you take that view of it, sir," said Edward, gloomily. "You know that I'm willing enough to meet your views—if only—if only because I'm going to need your help."

Lord Julius gave a snort of contemptuous laughter, and nodded to himself with lifted brows. "Really something in the way of consideration is due to such frankness as that," he said, with a pretense of reverie. "Send your friends out of the room, Eddy," he went on, more gently—"make what excuse you like—or take them out and come back to me—that's better. I did intend to have no secrets from them, but I've relented. And yes—by the way—instead of coming here—you'll find me in the small morning room. I will breakfast there. You've filled this room with smoke."

"Would you—would you mind my bringing Gus?" Edward asked, doubtfully.

The other thought for an instant. "Oh, yes, Gus may come," he said, and with that left the room.

"Rum old beggar, isn't he?" said Augustine to the company, with the sense that something had to be said.

"Gad! he seemed to think he was in a synagogue!" laughed Captain Burlington. "Kept his hat on, you know," he explained in the next breath to the surprised and attentive faces about him.

"But he isn't a Jew," said one of the others with gravity. "He married one, but that doesn't make him one, you know."

"It was a joke! Can't you see a joke?" protested Burlington.

"Well, I don't think much of it," growled Edward, sourly. "Come along to the gun-room."

* * * *

"What's up?" asked Mr. Augustine, in an anxious murmur, a few minutes later, as the two brothers walked along the wide central hallway toward the appointed place.

"Can't think for the life of me," replied Edward. "Unless Craven blabbed about the baccarat when he got up to town. He's rather that sort, you know. He kicked about the stakes at the time."

"Yes—after he'd been hit," said Augustine. "But if it's only that, you'll be an ass to let the old man rot you about it. Just stand up to him, and let him see you feel your position."

"That's all right," rejoined Edward, dubiously, "but what's the position without money? If anybody could have foreseen what was going to happen—damn it all, I could have married as much as I needed. But as it is, I've got Cora on my back, and the kid, and—my God! fancy doing the duke on four thou. a year net! Welldon tells me it can't be screwed a bit above that. Well, then, how can I afford to cheek Julius? When you come to that, he isn't half a bad sort, you know. He stood my marriage awfully well. Gad, you know, we couldn't have lived if he hadn't drawn a check."

"Let us hope he'll draw another," said Augustine. "It's bad enough to be a pauper duke, but it's a balley sight worse to be his brother."

"What rot!" said Edward. "My kid's a girl, and you're free to marry."

They had come to the door of the morning room. It stood ajar, and Edward pushed it open. Before the fireplace was visible the expected bulk and vast

beard of Lord Julius, but the eyes of the brothers intuitively wandered to the window beyond, against which was outlined the figure of a much smaller man.

"Secretary," whispered the quicker-minded Augustine out of the corner of his mouth as they advanced. The thought brought them a tempered kind of comfort. The same instinct which had prompted Edward to crave his brother's support led them both to welcome the presence of a fourth party.

They looked again toward the stranger, and Lord Julius, as he caught their returning glance, smiled and nodded significantly. "Come here, Christian!" he said, and the brothers saw now that it was a slender young man with a dark, fine face and foreign-looking eyes who moved toward them.

Lord Julius put a hand on the young man's shoulder. "Christian," he said, and gave his full voice a new note of gravity, "these are your two cousins, Mr. Edward Torr, a captain in the Hussars until recently, and Mr. Augustine Torr, a member of Parliament. Your coming will make some difference in their affairs, but I know that you will be good to them."

The brothers had shaken hands with the new-comer automatically, while their minds were in the first stage of wonderment as to what the words being spoken about him meant. Now that silence fell, they stared slowly at him, at their great-uncle, at each other.

"How—cousin?" Edward managed to ask. He spoke as if his tongue filled his mouth.

"The son of your uncle, Lord Ambrose Torr," the old man made quiet, carefully distinct answer.

Another period of silence ensued, until Christian turned abruptly. "It is very painful to me," he said hurriedly to the old man, and walked to the window.

"It is painful to everybody," said Lord Julius.

"Not so damned particularly painful to you, sir, I should say," put in Edward, looking his great-uncle in the face. The young man had slowly pulled himself together, and one could see the muscles of his neck being stiffened to keep his chin well in the air. His blue eyes had the effect of summoning all their resources

of pride to gaze with dignity into the muzzle of a machine-gun.

Augustine was less secure in the control of his nerves. He stood a little behind his brother, and the elbow which he braced against him for support trembled. His eyes wandered about the room, and he moistened his lips with his tongue several times before he contrived to whisper something into Edward's ear. The latter received the suggestion, whatever it was, with an impatient shake of the head.

"You scarcely do me justice," said Lord Julius, quietly, "but that's not worth mentioning at the moment. I must say you are taking it very well—much better than I expected."

Edward squared his shoulders still more. "I wouldn't say that we're takin' it at all," he replied, with studied deliberation. "You offer it, d'y'e see—but it doesn't follow that we take it. You come and bring this young fellow—this young gentleman, and you tell me that he is Ambrose's son. What good is that to me? Maybe he is, maybe he isn't. Ambrose may have had twenty sons, for all I know. I should be sorry to be one of them—but they're not to blame for that. I don't mind being civil to them—if they come to me in the right spirit—" He stopped abruptly, and listened with a frown to more whispering from Augustine.

"You don't seem to understand, Eddy—" began Lord Julius.

"Oh, perfectly!" broke in the young man. "I had an uncle who had to leave England before I was born. His name couldn't even be mentioned in the family—but I know all about him. God knows I've had him flung in my face often enough."

"Don't let us go into that," urged Lord Julius, softly, and with a sidelong nod toward the window. "It's needless cruelty to other people—and surely we can discuss this like gentlemen. You are really behaving splendidly, Eddy."

"God! he thought we were cads!" cried Edward, in husky indignation.

"No—no—no—no," murmured the older man, soothingly. "I only want you to grasp the thing as it is. You know me. You do not regard me as a foolish person who goes off at half-cock. Well, I tell you that Christian here is the son of my

nephew Ambrose, born in lawful wedlock, and that there is not a shadow of doubt about it. The proofs are all open to your inspection; there is not a flaw in them. And so I say to you, in all kindness—take it calmly and sensibly and like a gentleman. It is to your own interest to do so, as well. If you think, you will see that."

"That's what I've been telling him," said Augustine, strenuously, from behind his brother's shoulder.

A faint smile fluttered about the old man's eyelids. "It was the advice of a born statesman," he said, drily. "You are the political hope of the family."

The stiffening had melted from Edward's neck and shoulders. He turned irresolutely now, and looked at the floor. "Of course I admit nothing; I reserve all my rights, till my lawyers have satisfied themselves," he said in a worn, depressed mutter.

"Why, naturally," responded Lord Julius, with relieved cordiality. "And now please me—do it all handsomely to the end—come and shake hands again with Christian, both of you."

The brothers stood for a hesitating instant, then turned toward the window and began a movement of reluctant assent.

To the surprise of all three, Christian forestalled their approach by wrenching open one half of the tall window, and putting a foot over the sill to the lawn outside.

"If you will excuse me," he said, in his nervous, high voice, "I am taking a little walk."

IV.

Upon the garden side of Caermere is a very large conservatory, built nearly fifty years ago, at the close of the life of the last duchess. The poor lady left no other mark of her meek existence upon the buildings, and it was thought at the time that she would never have ventured upon even this, had it not been that everyone was mad for the moment about the wonderful palace of glass reared in London for the First Exhibition.

In area and height, and in the spacious pretensions of its dome, the structure still suggests irresistibly the period of its inception. It is as ambitious as it is self-

conscious; its shining respectability remains superior to all the wiles of climbers and creeping vines. The older servants cherish traditions of Her Grace's glass, as it used to be called. She had the work begun on her fortieth birthday, and precisely a year later it happened that she was wheeled in from the big morning room, and left at her own desire to recline in solitude under the palms beneath the dome, and that when they went to her at last she was dead. The circumstance that Shakespeare is supposed also to have died on the anniversary of his birth, has somehow come to be an integral part of the story, as it is kept alive now in the humbler parts of the Caermere household, but the duchess had nothing else in common with the poet. The very face of her, in her maturer years, is but dimly remembered. The portrait in the library is of a young Lady Clarissa, with pale ringlets and a childishly sweet countenance, and clad in the formal quaintness of the last year of King George the Fourth. She became the duchess, but in turn the duchess seemed to become somebody else. That was the way with the brides brought home to Caermere. The pictures in the library show them all girlish, and innocently pretty, and for the most part fair-haired. Happily there is no painted record of what they were like when, still in middle life, they bade a last good-bye to the dark-skinned, big-shouldered sons they had borne, and perhaps made a little moan that no daughters were ever given to mothers at Caermere, and turned their sad faces to the wall.

The crystal house had memories of another and a more recent mistress, the countess. She had come six years after the other went, she had lived for twelve years—a silent, colorless, gently unhappy life—and then had faded away out of sight. It was this Lady Porlock who had caused the orchid houses to be built at the inner side of the conservatory, and it was in her time, too, that the gifted Cheltenham was fetched from her own father's house in Berkshire to be head-gardener at Caermere. Her fame is indeed irrevocably linked with his, for the tea-rose of his breeding, bearing her maiden name of the Hon. Florence Denson, is scarcely less well known than his hybrid sweetbriar the Countess of Porlock.



Drawn by B. West Cline.

"THE TWO YOUNG MEN WITH PALPABLE CONSTRAINT CAME UP TO GREET HIM."

And now, in the third generation, still another lady had for some years enjoyed special property rights in this great glass apartment.

Lady Cressage came into the conservatory from the large morning room, with a large volume in her hand, and an irresolute look on her face. She glanced about at the several couches piled with cushions and furs, at an easy-chair beyond—and yawned slightly. Then she wandered over to a row of early chrysanthemums, and, putting the book under her arm, occupied herself with the destruction of a few tiny beginnings of buds in the lower foliage. In this she employed as pincers the delicately tinted nails of a very shapely finger and thumb, and at the sign of some slight discoloration of these she stopped the work. From a glance at the nails, she went to a musing scrutiny of this whole right hand of hers, holding it up, and turning it from one composition of graceful curves to another. It had been called the most beautiful hand in England, but this morning its owner, upon a brief and rather listless inspection of its charms, yawned again. Finally she seated herself in the chair and, after a languid search for the place in her book, began to read.

Half reclining thus, with the equable and shadowless light of the glass house about her, the young widow made a picture curiously different from any in the library within. All the dead and gone brides of the Torrs had been painted in bright attire; Lady Cressage wore a belted gown of black cloth, unrelieved save by a softened line of white at the throat and wrists. The others, without exception, had signified by elaborate hair-dressing not less than by dutifully vacuous facial expressions, their comprehension of the requirements of the place they had been called upon to fill; Lady Cressage's bistre hair was gathered in careless fashion to a loose knot at the back of the head, and in her exquisitely modeled face there was no hint whatever of docility or awed submission to any external claims. The profile of this countenance, outlined for the moment against a cluster of vividly purple *pleroma* blossoms, had the delicacy of a rare flower, but it conveyed also the impression of resolute and enduring force. If the dome above could have generated

voices of its own, these would have murmured to one another that here at last was a woman whom Caermere could not break or even easily bend.

In the season of 1892, London had heard a good deal of this lady. She was unknown before, and of her belongings people to this day knew and cared very little. There was a General Kervick enumerated in the retired list, who had vegetated into promotion in some obscure corner of India, and now led an equally inconspicuous existence somewhere in the suburbs—or was it in West Kensington? He had never belonged to a service club, but an occasional man encountered him once in a while at the Oriental, where he was supposed by the waiters to have an exceptional knowledge of peppers and chutneys. The name of his wife had been vaguely associated with charitable committees, or subscription committees, and here and there some one remembered having heard that she was distantly related to somebody. The elder Kervicks never secured a much more definite place in London's regard—even after this remarkable daughter had risen like a planet to dim the fixed stars of the season.

The credit for having discovered and launched Miss Kervick came generally to be ascribed to Lady Selton, but perhaps this turned upon the fact that she lent her house in Park Lane for the culminating scene in the spectacular triumph of that young person. No doubt there were others who would have placed still bigger houses at the disposal of a bride whose wedding was, in many respects, the most interesting of the year, and some of these may have had as good a claim to the privilege as Lady Selton. As matters turned out, however, they were given no cause to repine. The marriage was not a success, and within one short year Lady Selton herself had grown a little shy about assuming responsibility for it. A year later she was quite prepared to repudiate all share in it, and after that people ceased to remember about it at all, until the shock of the tragedy came to stir polite London into startled whisperings.

Hardly within the memory of living folk had a family been dealt such a swift succession of deadly blows as these which were rained upon the Torrs in the first half of 1896.

The Earl of Porlock had been the heir to the dukedom since most people could remember, and had got himself called to the House of Lords in his own right, apparently as a kind of protest against his father's unconscionable longevity, at least a dozen years before his own end came. It was not to be supposed that he desired a peerage for any other reason, since he had never chosen to seek a seat in the House of Commons, and indeed, save upon one occasion connected with ground game, made no use whatever of his legislative powers after they had been given to him. He cared nothing for politics, and read scarcely more in newspapers than in books. Up to middle life, he had displayed a certain tendency toward interest in fat stock and a limited number of allied agricultural topics, but the decline in farming values had turned him from this. In his earlier years, too, he had enjoyed being identified with the sporting set of his class in London, and about the racing circuit, but this association he also dropped out of as he grew older, partly because late nights bored him, partly because he could no longer afford to jeopardize any portion of his income. He came at last to think of his mastership of hounds as his principal tie to existence on land. He liked it all, from the sailing sweep over the highest barrier in an exceptionally rough country, to the smell of the kennels of an early morning across the frozen yards. This life with the horses and dogs, and with the people who belonged to the horses and dogs, offered fewer temptations to the evil temper in his blood than any other, and with growing years his dislike for the wear and tear of getting angry had become a controlling instinct. He continued to use bad language with an appropriate show of fervency, when occasion required, but he had got out of the way of scalding himself with rage inside. He even achieved a grim sort of jocularly toward the close. In the last year of his life a tenant-farmer, speaking to a toast, affirmed of him that "a truer sportsman, nor yet a more humorous and affable nobleman, has never taken the chair at a puppy-walk luncheon within my recollection," and this tribute to his geniality both pleased and impressed the earl. He was then in his sixty-second year, and he

might have lived into a mellowed, and even jovial old age, under the influence of this praise, had there been no unwritten law ending the hunting season in the early spring.

The earl cared very little for otters and rats, and almost nothing at all for salmon, so that when April came he usually went to his yacht, and practically lived aboard it until November. Sometimes he made long cruises in this substantial and comfortable vessel, which he delighted in navigating himself. He was lying in at Bremerhaven, for example, in May, when one of a sheaf of telegrams scattered along the line of North Sea ports in search of him, brought the news that his youngest son Joseph, who had drifted into Mashonaland after the collapse of the Jameson adventure, had been killed in the native rebellion. Upon consideration, the earl could not see that a post-haste return to England would serve any useful end. He sailed westward, however, after some telegraphic communication with England, and made his leisurely way down the Channel and round Cornwall to Milford Haven, where his wont was to winter his yacht, and where most of his crew were at home. The fact that he and the vessel were well known in this port rendered it possible to follow in detail subsequent events.

It was on the 10th of June that Lord Porlock came to anchor in Milford, and went ashore, taking the afternoon train for Shrewsbury. He returned on the 14th, accompanied by his eldest son and heir, Lord Cressage. This latter personage was known only from hearsay at Milford, and local observation of him was therefore stimulated by a virgin curiosity. It was noted that Viscount Cressage—a stalwart and rubicund young man of more than his father's height, but somewhat less swarthy of aspect—was laboring under very marked depression. He hung about the hotel, during the delay incident upon cleaning up the yacht, taking on new stores and altering some of the sailing gear, in a plainly moping mood, saying little to his father and never a word to anyone else. A number of witnesses were able to make it clear that at first he did not intend to sail forth, but was merely bearing his father company while the latter remained in harbor.

The fact of their recent bereavement accounted in a general way for their reticence with each other, but it was impossible not to see that the younger man had something besides the death of a brother on his mind. When, on the second day of their waiting, the tide began to fill in which on its turn was to bear out the yacht, his nervous preoccupation grew painfully manifest. He walked across many times to the headland; he fidgeted in and out of the bar, taking drinks for which he obviously had no relish, and looking over and over again in the railway time-tables for information which he seemed incapable of fixing in his memory. At last, when everything was ready, and the earl stood with his hand out to say good-bye to his son, the latter had suddenly, and upon the evident impulse of the moment, declared with some excitement that he also would go. People remembered that he had said, as if in defensive explanation of his hasty resolve: "Perhaps that will teach her a lesson!" His father had only remarked "Rot!"—and with that the yacht sailed off, a heaving white patch against the blackening west.

But what followed was too grossly unreasoning to afford a lesson to anybody. The morning newspapers of the 18th contained in one column confirmation of the earlier report that the Hon. Anselm Torr, second son of the Earl of Porlock, had been a passenger on the ill-fated "Drummond Castle," and had gone down with the rest in the night off Ushant; and in another column a telegram from Porthstinian, announcing the total loss of a large yacht, on the rocks known as the Bishop and Clerks, with all on board. The evening papers followed with the rumor that the lost yacht was the "Minstrel," with both Lord Porlock and his son, Lord Cressage, on board; but it was not until the next afternoon that the public possessed all the facts in this extraordinary affair. Then it happened that the edge was rather taken off the horror of the tragic coincidence, by the announcement that these sudden deaths brought forward as next heir to the dukedom Captain Edward Torr, late of the —th Hussars, who was better known, perhaps, as the husband of Miss Cora Bayard. The thought of Cora as a prospective

duchess made such a direct appeal to the gayer side of the popular mind, that the gruesome terrors surrounding her advancement were lost to sight. When, a few days later, it was stated that the venerable Duke of Glastonbury had suffered a stroke of paralysis, and lay at Caermere in a critical state, the news only made more vivid the picture of the music-hall dancer turned into Her Grace which the public had in its mind's eye. Her radiant portrait in the photographic weeklies and budgets was what remained uppermost in the general memory.

For a time, however, in that little fraction of the public which is called Society, the figure of another woman concentrated interest upon itself, in connection with the Torr tragedy. The fact that a music-hall person was to wear a great title had no permanent hold upon the imagination of this class. They would probably see rather less of her than now—and the thing had no longer the charm of the unusual. But they had known Lady Cressage. They had admired her, followed after her, done all sorts of nice things for her, in that season of her wonderful triumph as the most beautiful girl, and the most envied bride, in London. After her marriage she had been very little in evidence, it was true; one hardly knew of any other reigning beauty who had let the scepter slip through her fingers so promptly and completely. What was the secret of it all? It could not be said that she had lost her good looks, or that she was lacking in cleverness. There was no tangible scandal against her; to the contrary, she seemed rather surprisingly indifferent to men's company. Of course, it was understood that her marriage was unhappy, but that was scarcely a reason for allowing herself to be so wholly snuffed out of social importance. Everybody knew what the Torrs were like as husbands, and everybody would have been glad to be good to her. But in some unaccountable way, without quite producing the effect of rebuffing kindnesses, she had contrived to lapse from the place prepared for her. And now those last words from the lips of poor young Cressage—"Perhaps that will teach her a lesson!"—sifted their way from the coroner's inquest in a Welsh village up to London, and set people thinking



Drawn by
R. West Clymedinst.

"HE WOULD GALLOP EVERY DAY ACROSS THIS WONDERFUL PLAIN."

once more. Who could tell? It might be that the fault was not all on one side. According to the accounts at Milford, he was in a state of visible excitement and mental distress. The very fact of his going off alone in a yacht with his father, of whom he notoriously saw as little as possible on dry land, showed that he must have been greatly upset. And his words could mean nothing save that it was a quarrel with his wife which had sent him off to what proved to be his death. What was this quarrel about? And was it the woman, after all, who was to blame? Echoes of these questions, and of their speculative and varied answers, kept themselves alive here and there in London till Parliament rose in August. They were lost then in the general flutter toward the moors.

Lady Cressage, meantime, had not quitted Caermere or disclosed any design of doing so, and it is there we return to her, where she sat at her ease under the palms in the glass-house, with a book open before her.

The spattering reports of a number of guns, not very far away, caused her presently to lift her head, but after an instant, with a fleeting frown, she went back to her book. The racket continued, and

finally she closed the volume, listened with a vexed face for a minute or two and then sprang to her feet.

"Positively this is too bad!" she declared aloud, to herself.

Unexpectedly, as she turned, she found confronting her another young woman, also clad in black, even to the point of long gloves, and a broad hat heavy with funeral plumes. In her hand she held some unopened letters, and on her round, smooth, pretty countenance there was a doubtful look.

"Good mornin', dear," said this newcomer. Her voice, not unmusical in tone, carried the suggestion of being produced with sedulous regard to a system. "There were no letters for you."

There was a momentary pause, and then Lady Cressage, as if upon deliberation, answered, "Good-morning—Cora." She turned away listlessly as she spoke.

"Ah, so it is one of my 'Cora' days, after all," said the other, with a long breath of ostentatious reassurance. "I never know in the least where to have you, my dear, you know—and particularly this mornin'; I made sure you'd blame me for the guns."

"Blame"—commented Lady Cressage, musingly—"I no longer blame anybody

for anything. I've long since done with my fancy for playing at being God, and distributing judgments about among people."

"Oh, you're quite right about this shootin' the home covers," protested the other. "I gave Eddy a fair bit of my mind about it—but you know what he is, when once he's headed in a given direction. You might as well talk soft to the east wind. And, for that matter, I was dead against his bringin' these men down here at all—though it may surprise you to hear it."

Lady Cressage, still looking away, shook her head very slightly. "No—I don't find myself particularly surprised," she said, with an effect of languor. "Really, I can't be said to have given the matter thought, one way or the other. It is neither my business nor my wish to form opinions about your husband's friends. We were speaking of something else, were we not?"

"Why, yes," responded Mrs. Edward; "I mentioned that sometimes I'm 'Cora,' and sometimes it's very much the other way about. I merely mentioned it—don't think I mean to complain—only I began calling *you* Edith from the start—from the first day I came here, after the—after the—"

"I know you did. It was very kind of you," murmured Edith, but with no affectation of gratitude in her voice. Then, slowly, she turned her eyes toward her companion, and added in a more considerate tone: "But then you are by nature a much kindlier person than I am."

"Oh, yes, you say that," put in the other, "but it isn't true, you know. It's only that I've seen more of the world, and am so much older than you are. That's what tells, my dear—it's years that smooths the temper down, and rubs off one's sharp corners—of course, if one has some sense to start with. I assure you, Edith, that when I was your age I was a perfect tiger-cat."

Lady Cressage smiled in a wan fashion, as if in despite of her mood. "You always make such a point of your seniority," she said, not unamiably, "but when I look at you, I can never believe you're of any age at all. I seem a thousand years old beside you."

Mrs. Edward showed some dazzling teeth in her pleased appreciation of the compliment. Her smile was as characteristic as her voice, in its studiously regular and equable distribution. The even parting of the bright lips, with their symmetrical inner lines of white, was supported to a nicety of proportional value by eyelashes and eyes. "It's what I've been saying," she commented, with frank enjoyment. "It's good temper that does the trick."

To tell the truth, Mrs. Edward's was a face which bore no visible relation to years. It was of a rounded oval in contour, with beautifully chiseled small features, a faultless skin which was neither fair nor dark and fine large eyes that seemed sometimes blue, and as often something else. In these eyes there lay always, within touch of the surface, a latent smile, ready to beam, to sparkle, to dance, to languish in mellow softness or glitter in cool abstract recognition of pleasantries afloat, all at the instant bidding of the lips below. These lips, delicately arched and of a vivid warmth of color, were as restricted in their movements as is the mercury in a thermometer. They did not curl sidewise upon occasion; they never pouted, or pulled themselves inward together under the stress of sudden emotion. They did nothing but separate, in perfectly balanced measure, sometimes by only a hair's breadth, again in the freest fashion, but always in pains-taking harmony with the spirit of the glance above. Students of this smile, or rather of this range of graded smiles, ordinarily reached the conclusion that it was the lips which gave the signal to the eyes. Certain it is that they worked together in trained accord, and that the rest of the face did nothing at all. The white forehead furrowed itself with no lines of puzzled thought; there was not the shadow of a wrinkle at the corners of the little mouth, or about the shapely brown lashes—and it seemed incredible that time should ever bring one.

Beside this serene and lovely mask—in the placidity of which one found the pledge of an easy temper along with the promise of unfailing youth—the face of Lady Cressage was still beautiful, but in a restless and strenuous way. If she did not produce the effect of being the older

of the two, it was because Mrs. Edward's countenance had nothing to do with any such standard of comparison.

"When you come to think of it," the latter went on now, "you *do* seem older than I do, dear—I mean you seem so to me. Of course I know there's a good six years' difference between us—and as far as appearance goes, I needn't say that you'd be the belle of the ball in London as easily as you were four years ago—but all the same you have the knack of making me feel as if I were the youngster, and you the grown-up. I've a sister—five years younger than me—and she does the same thing. When she looks at me—just quietly turns her eyes full on to me, you know—it seems as if I ought to have a pinafore on, and she have spectacles and a cap. Oh, she used to give me the jumps, that girl did. We haven't seen much of each other, these last few years; we didn't hit it off particularly well—but—why, hello! this is odd, if you like!"

"What is it?" asked the other, perfunctorily.

Mrs. Edward had been shuffling the envelopes in her hand the while she spoke, and idly noting their superscriptions. She held up one of them now, in explanation of her remark.

"Well, talk of the devil, you know—I was speaking of my sister Frank, and here's a letter from her. She hasn't written a line to me in—how long is it?—why, it must be—well, certainly not since I was married. Funny, isn't it? I wonder if it's anything about the pater."

She continued to regard the sealed missive absent-mindedly, as if the resource of opening it had not yet suggested itself to her. In the mean time, something else occurred to her, and she turned to face Lady Cressage, who had seated herself again.

"I meant what I said about these men Eddy's brought down," she declared. "I didn't want them to be asked, and I don't like their being here, any more than you do. Yes, I want to have you understand," she persisted, as the other offered a gesture of deprecation, "I hope I'm the last person in the world to round on old pals, but really, as I told Eddy, a man in his position must draw the line somewhere. I don't mind giving a leg-up to old Pirie—in a quiet way, of

course—for he's not half a bad sort by himself; but as for the rest, what are they? I don't care for their families or their commissions—I've seen too much of the world to be taken in by kid of that sort—I say they're bounders. I never was what you might call keen about them as the right friends for Eddy, even before—I mean in the old days, when it didn't matter so much what company he kept. But now, with everything so altered, he ought to see that they're not in his class at all. And that's just what I can't get him to do in the least."

"Men have their own views in these matters. They are often rather difficult to understand," commented Edith, sententiously.

"I should think so!" began Mrs. Edward. "Why, if I were a man, and in Eddy's place—"

Her words had ended aimlessly, as her eyes followed the lines of the letter she had at last opened and begun to read. She finished the brief task, and then, going back to the top of the single page, went over it again more attentively. There was something indefinably impressive about the silence in which she did this, and Lady Cressage presently raised an inquiring glance. Mrs. Edward's face exhibited no marked change of expression, but it had turned deathly pale. The unabated redness of the lips gave this pallor a ghastliness which frightened Edith, and brought her to her feet.

"What in the name—" she began, but the other held up a black-gloved hand.

"Is this something you know about?—something you've been putting up?" Cora demanded, in a harsh, ungoverned voice, moving forward as she spoke. "Look at this. Here's what my sister writes." She did not offer to show the letter, but huskily read forth its contents:

"London, September 30.

"My Dear Cora: I don't know whether you will thank me or not, but I feel that some one ought to warn you, if only that you may pull yourself together to meet what is coming. Your house is built of cards, and it is only a question of days, perhaps of hours, when it will be pushed over. Your husband is not

the heir, after all. I am truly in great grief at the thought of what this will mean to you, and I can only hope that you will believe me when I sign myself,

"Your sincerely affectionate sister,
"FRANCES."

The two women exchanged a tense look in which sheer astonishment encountered terror, and mingled with it.

"No, I know nothing of this," faltered Edith, more in response to the other's wild eyes than to the half-forgotten inquiries that had prefaced the reading of the letter.

"No trick of a child, eh? What do they call it, posthumous?" Cora panted, still with the rough voice which had shaken off the yoke of tuition.

Edith lifted her head. "That is absurd," she answered, curtly.

As they confronted each other thus, a moving shadow outside caught their notice. Instinctively turning their eyes, they beheld through the glass a stranger, a slender young man with a soft hat of some foreign fashion, striding across the lawn away from the house. He held his head high in air, and they could see that the hands carried stiffly outstretched at his sides were clenched.

"He struts across the turf as if he owned it," said Edith, clutching vaguely at the meaningless relief which this interruption seemed to offer.

But Mrs. Edward had sunk into the chair, and buried her face in her hands.

V.

Christian began his walk with swift, energetic steps, and a guiding eye fixed resolutely on a distinguishing mark in the distant line of tree-tops beyond, as if both speed and directness of course were of utmost urgency to his purpose. While his body moved forward thus automatically, however, his mind remained engrossed with what had been said and done in the room he was leaving behind.

His brain reproduced over and over again the appearance of the two young brothers, their glances at each other, their sneering scowls at him. The picture of Augustine whispering in Edward's ear, and of Edward shaking his sulky head, stuck in his memory as a living

thing. He had continued to see it after he had turned his back on them and gone to the window. The infamous words which had been spoken about his father were a part of this picture, and their inflection still rang in his ears just as the young men still stood before his eyes, compact of hostility to him and his blood.

The noise of guns in the wood he approached was for a time subordinated in his mind to those bitter echoes of Edward's speech. When at last these reports of firing attracted his attention, he had passed out of sight of Caernere, and found himself on a vaguely defined path at the end of a broad heath, much overgrown with heather and broom and low, straggling, inhospitable-looking shrubs novel to his eye. Curious movements among this shaggy verdure caught his wandering notice, and he stopped to observe them more closely. A great many rabbits—or would they be hares?—were making their frightened escape from the wood in front of him, and darting about for cover in this undergrowth. He became conscious now of an extraordinary tumult in the wood itself—a confused roar of men's voices raised in apparently meaningless cries, accompanied by an unintelligible pounding of sticks on timber and crackling brush. This racket almost drowned the noise of the remote firing; its effect of consternation upon the small inhabitants of the thicket was only less than the bewilderment it caused in Christian's mind. Forgetting altogether his own concerns, he pushed cautiously forward to spy out the cause of the commotion.

Somewhat later, he emerged from the wood again, having obtained a tolerable notion of what was going on. He had caught a view of one line of beaters making their way through a copse, diagonally away from him—rough men clad for the most part in white jackets, who shouted and thrashed about them with staves as they went—and it was easy enough to connect their work, and the consequent rise and whirring rush of big birds before it, with the excited fusillade of guns still farther on. Christian did not get a sight of the sportsmen themselves. Albeit with some doubts as to the dignity of the proceeding, he made a detour of the piece of woodland, with the idea of coming out



Drawn by B. West Cline.

"MRS. EDWARD'S FACE HAD TURNED DEATHLY PALE."

upon the shooting party, but when he arrived at the barrier it was to find on the spot only a couple of men in greenish corduroys, whom he took to be under-keepers. They were at work before a large heap of pheasants, tying the birds in pairs by the necks and hanging them over a long stick, stretched between two trees, which already bent under its burden. They glanced up from their employment at Christian, and when he stooped to pick up one of the cartridge-cases with which the ground at his feet was strewn, they exchanged some muttered comment at which both laughed aloud. He instinctively threw the little tube down, and looked away from the men. The thought occurred to him that if they only knew who he was their confusion would be pathetic, but as it was, they had the monopoly of self-possession, and it was he who shyly withdrew.

The whole diversion, however, had cleared and sweetened his mood. He retraced his steps through the wood and then struck off in a new direction across the heath, at a more leisurely pace than he had come, his mind dwelling pleasantly upon the various picturesque phases of what he had witnessed. The stray glimpses of *la chasse* which had been afforded him in the South had had nothing in common with this. The unkenpt freedom of the growths about him appealed to his senses as cultivated parks and ordered forests had never done. It was all so strong and simple and natural—and the memory of the beaters smashing along in the thicket, bawling and laying about them with their clubs, gave it a primitive note which greatly pleased his fancy.

The heath was even finer, in his eyes, than the wood. The air stirring across it, for one thing, had a quality which he seemed never to have known before—and the wild, almost savage, aspect of its squat gray and russet herbage, the sense of a splendidly unashamed idleness and unproductiveness suggested by its stretches of waste land, charmed his imagination. He said to himself, as he sauntered here, that he would gallop every day across this wonderful plain, with a company of big dogs at his horse's heels. The thought of the motion in the saddle inspired him to walk faster. He

straightened himself, put his hands to his coat at the breast as he had seen young Englishmen do on their pedestrian tours and strode briskly forward, humming to himself as he moved. The hateful episode of the morning had not so much faded from his thoughts, as shaken itself into a new kaleidoscopic formation. Contact with these noble realities out of doors had had the effect, as it were, of immeasurably increasing his stature. When he thought of those paltry cousins of his, it was as if he looked down upon their insignificance from a height.

He came at last face to face with a high stone wall, the pretensions and obvious antiquity of which told him at once that he had returned to the vicinity of the castle. Sure enough, there were discernible at a considerable distance down to the right some of the turrets and roofs of Caernere, and he turned his course in that direction. It seemed to him a long way that he walked by the side of this great wall, marveling as he did so at its size and at the ambitious views of the persons who built it. The reflection that they were ancestors of his own came to his mind, and expanded therein. He also would build like a great nobleman in his time! What was there so grand as building?—he mused as he looked about him—unless it might be the heath and the brownish-purple hills beyond, and these also one intuitively thought of as having been built.

Presently a small doorway appeared in this massive wall, and Christian, finding it unlocked, passed through it into a vast garden. The inner and sunny side of the wall, as far as he could see in either direction, was veined with the regularly espaliered branches of dwarf trees flattened against it, from which still depended here and there belated specimens of choice fruit. On the other side of the path following close this wall, down which he proceeded, were endless rows of small trees and staked clumps of canes, all now bereft of their season's produce. The spectacle did not fit with what had been mentioned to him of the poverty of Caernere. Farther on, a tall hedge stretching at right angles from the wall separated this orchard from what he saw now, by glimpses through an open arch, to be a

flower garden. He quickened his pace at the sight, for flowers were very near his heart.

At first there was not much to move his admiration. The sunlit profusion of his boyhood's home had given him standards of size and glowing color which were barely approached, and nowhere equaled, here. Suddenly he came upon something, however, before which he perforce stopped. It was the beginning of a long avenue of dahlias, rounded flowers on the one side of him, pointed and twisted cactus varieties on the other, and he had imagined nothing like this before in his life. Apparently no two of the tall plants, held upright to about the height of his breast by thick stakes, were alike, and he knew not upon which to expend the greater delight, the beauty of their individual blossoms or the perfection of skill exhibited in the color-arrangement of the line.

He moved slowly along, examining the more notable flowers in detail with such ardor that a young lady in a black gown, but with a broad hat of light straw on her pale hair, advanced up the path, paused, and stood quite near him for some moments before he perceived her presence. Then with a little start, he took off his hat, and held it in his hands while he made a stiff bow.

"You are fond of flowers?" Lady Cressage said, more as a remark than an inquiry. She observed him meanwhile with politely calm interest.

"These dahlias are extraordinary!" he exclaimed, very earnestly. "I have never seen such flowers, and such variety. It surprises me a great deal. It is a specialite in England n'est ce pas?"

"I think I have heard that we have carried the dahlia further than other countries have done," responded the lady, courteously giving the name the broad-vowel sound he had used. She added with a pleasant softening of eyes and lips: "But you ought not to begrudge us one little triumph like this—you who come from the very paradise of flowers."

The implication in her words caused him to straighten himself, and to regard her with a surprised new scrutiny. He saw now that she was very beautiful, and he strove to recall the few casual remarks Lord Julius had dropped concerning the

two ladies at the castle, as a clue to her identity. One had been an actress, he remembered—and this lady's graceful equanimity had, perhaps, something histrionic in it. But if she happened not to be the actress, then it would no doubt anger her very much to be taken for one. He knew so little of women—and then his own part in the small drama occurred to him.

"It is evident that you understand who I am," he said, with another bow. The further thought that in either case she was related to him, was a part of the family of which he would soon be the head, came to give him fresh confidence. "It is not only dahlias that are carried to unrivaled heights of beauty in England," he added, and bowed once more.

She smiled outright at this. "That is somewhat too—what shall I say?—continental for these latitudes," she remarked. "Men don't say such glowing things in England. We haven't sun enough, you know, properly to ripen rose-hips—or compliments. I should like to introduce myself, if I may—I am Edith Cressage—and Lord Julius has told me the wonderful story about you."

She held out her hand as she spoke, with a deliberate gesture which afforded Christian time to note its exquisite modeling, if he had had the eyes for it. But he took the hand in his own rather cursorily, and began speaking with abruptness before he had finished his bow and relinquished it.

"It is much too wonderful," he said, hastily. "It frightens me. I cannot get used to it. I have the feeling that I should go away somewhere, and live by myself, till it became all familiar to me. But then I see it would be just as painful, wherever I went."

"Oh, let us hope it would be least painful here, of all places," urged the lady, in gentle deprecation of his tone. "Caermere is not gay, but it can be soothing and restful—to those who stand in need of solace. It has come to be my second home—I never thought one could grow so deeply attached to a place. It has been to me like a tender old nurse and confidante—in times when—when its shelter and consolation were very welcome"—she faltered for an instant, with averted face, then raised her moist eyes to his,

and let them sparkle—"and oh, you will grow to love Caermere with all your heart."

Christian felt himself much moved. He had put on his hat, and stepped now to her side.

"I have seen nothing of it at all," he said. "I am going to ask that you shall show it to me—you who love it so much. But if I shall remain here now, that I cannot in the least tell. Nothing is arranged, so far as I know. I am quite in Lord Julius' hands—thus far."

They had tacitly begun to move down the path together, loitering to look at plants on either side which particularly invited notice.

"Lord Julius is a remarkable man," she said. "If one is fortunate enough to enlist his friendship, there is no end to what he can do for him. You can hardly imagine what a difference it makes for you in everything—the fact that he is warmly disposed toward you."

"Yes, that I have been told," said Christian, "and I see it for myself, too. I do not feel that I know him very well, as yet. It was only yesterday morning that I met him for the first time at a hotel in Brighton. We breakfasted together, we looked through papers together and then we began a long railway journey together, which only ended a few hours ago. We have talked a great deal in this time, but, as I have said, the man himself is not very clear to me yet. But no one could have been kinder—and I think he likes me."

"Oh, of course he does," affirmed Lady Cressage, as if anything else would have been incredible. "And—talking with him so much, so continuously, you no doubt understand the entire situation. I am glad that he at least left it to me to show you over Caermere: there is apparently nothing else in which I can be of use."

Christian, though he smiled in kindly recognition of her attitude, offered no verbal comment, and after a wandering digression about dahlias, she returned to the subject.

"If there is anything I can tell you—about the family, the position of affairs in general, and so on—you should not stand on ceremony with me. Has he, for example, explained about money affairs?"

The young man looked keenly at her for an instant, as if the question took him by surprise. Then he answered frankly enough: "Nothing definite. I only gather that it will be made easier for me than it would have been for—for other members of the family, if they—if they had been in my place. But perhaps that is what I should not say to you."

Lady Cressage smiled on him reassuringly.

"Oh, don't think of me in that light," she pleaded. "I stand quite outside the—what shall I say?—the interested family circle. I have no ax of any description to grind. You, of course, have been told my position in the castle—that is, so far as it can be told by others. It is a simple enough story—I was to have been everything, and then the wind happens to change off the Welsh coast and lo! I am nothing—nothing! It is not even certain that I am not a beggar—living here on alms. Legally, everything is in such confusion that no one knows how he stands. But so far as I am concerned, it doesn't matter. My cup has been filled so full—so long—that a little more or less trouble is of no importance. Oh, I assure you, I do not desire to be considered in the matter at all."

She made this last declaration with great earnestness, in immediate response to the sympathetic look and gesture with which Christian had interrupted her narrative.

His gentle eyes regarded her troubled beauty with compassionate softness. "I venture to think that you will be considered a good deal, none the less," he remarked, in a grave yet eager tone. The sense of elation at being able to play the part of Providence to such a lady spread through his mind and possessed his being. The lofty possibilities of the powers devolving upon him had never been so apparent before. He instinctively put out his arm toward her, in such overt fashion that she could but take it. She did not lean upon it, but imparted to the contact instead a kind of ceremonial reserve which directly ministered to the patrician side of his mood.

They walked, if possible, still more slowly now, pausing before almost every stake; their talk was of the flowers, with occasional lapses into the personal.

"What you said about Lord Julius," she remarked, in one of these interludes, "is quite true. He has it in his power to say whether the duke shall be a rich man or a pauper, and until yesterday he was all for the pauper. If poor Porlock and his sons had lived, they knew very well that Lord Julius was no friend of theirs, and would starve the title whichever of them had it. And so with these others—Edward and Augustine—only with them, it isn't merely dislike but loathing that Lord Julius has for them."

"I met those young gentlemen this morning," said Christian stiffly. "It seemed to me that Lord Julius went quite out of his way to be kind with them. I should never have gathered that he hated them."

"Oh, not personally," she explained. "I don't think he dislikes anybody personally. But in what you may call their representative capacity he is furious with people if they don't measure up to his idea of what they should be. I never heard of any other family that had such a man in it. I used to admire him very much—when I was newly married—I thought his ideals for the family were so noble and fine—but I don't know—"

"Do you have suspicions of Julius, then?" asked Christian, hurriedly.

"Oh, no, no!" she protested. "Nothing is farther from my thoughts. Only I have seen it all, here. I have lived in the very heart of it—and much as I sympathize with his feelings, I can't help thinking that he is unjust—not willfully, but still unjust. He and his son are men of great intelligence and refined tastes; they would do honor to any position. But is it quite fair of them to be so hard on cousins of theirs who were not given great intelligence, and who had no capacity whatever for refinement? That is what I mean. You saw those young men this morning. They are not up to very much, certainly; their uncle Porlock and his sons averaged, perhaps, even a shade lower—you see I am speaking quite frankly—but when it is all said and done, they were not so remarkably worse than other men of their class. If any of the

six had succeeded to the title, he would not have been such a startling anomaly in the peerage. I doubt if he would have attracted attention, one way or the other. But it became a fixed idea with Lord Julius years ago to get control of the estates, and to use this control to bully the elder line into the paths of sweetness and light. It didn't succeed in the least—and I think he grew a little spiteful. That is all. And besides—what does it matter? It is all ancient history now."

Christian was looking straight before him, with a meditative gaze. They walked for some moments in silence before he spoke. "And how did he know that he would like me?" he demanded, musingly. "How should he be confident that I was better than the others? Perhaps—do you know?—was he very fond of my father?"

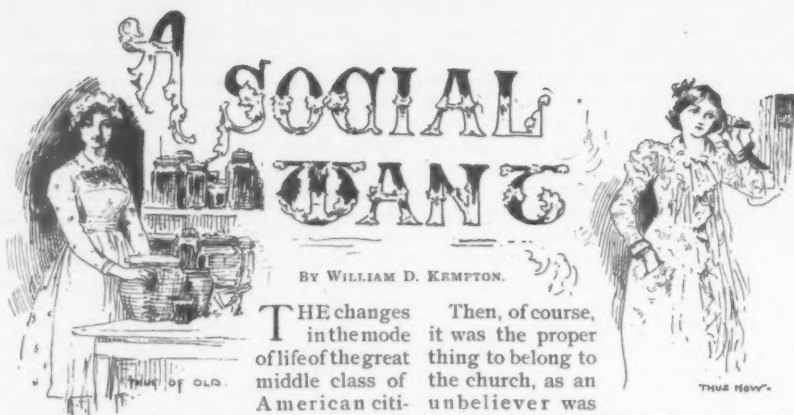
"I have no idea," she responded. It was impossible not to note the brevity of her tone.

"No one speaks willingly of my father," he broke forth with impulsive bitterness. "Even Lord Julius would tell me nothing of him. And the young lady on the boat—she too—"

He paused, and his companion, who had been looking away, glanced again at him. "The young lady on the boat," she said, more by way of suggesting to him a safe topic than as an inquiry.

"Oh, I much want to know who she can be," he cried, unconsciously accepting the diversion. He described the meeting at Rouen, the conversation and, after a fashion of his own, the girl herself. "She said," he went on, "that she herself had something to do with the story—'remotely' was the word she used. I asked Lord Julius, but he could not think who she might be. She earns her own living—she told me that—and she had never been out of England before. She is not well educated—in the school sense, I mean—her French was ridiculous. But she spoke very beautifully her own language, and her mind filled me with charm, but even more so her good heart. We swore friendship for all time—or at least I did."

(To be continued.)



BY WILLIAM D. KREMPTON.

THE changes in the mode of life of the great middle class of American citizens during the last half century have created new wants and necessitated still other changes to restore the equilibrium of their social life.

This applies more particularly to those living in large cities, though the proposed change may even be of considerable benefit to those in smaller places.

If we go back, say, to the year 1850, the population of the United States was only 23,000,000; New York city, 516,000; Philadelphia, 340,000; Baltimore, 169,000; Boston, 137,000; New Orleans, 116,000; Cincinnati, 115,000, and Chicago only 30,000.

For more than one family to live in the same house was at that time considered a disgrace, and an evidence of poverty or penuriousness.

The ambition of the head of every well-to-do family, therefore, was to have a house of his own, large enough to accommodate growth, with a spare bedroom for the transient guest, a parlor in which to entertain company and a dry and roomy cellar in which to store the winter's supply of fuel, potatoes and apples, the barrel of pickled pork, the jars of pickled cucumbers, the keg of sauer kraut, with swinging shelves for rows of canned fruit, jars of jam and preserves, bottles of catsup, tumblers of jelly, etc., and a row of nails on the joists for round after round of dried beef.

The pride of the busy housewife was to entertain her friends and neighbors whenever they dropped in, and to tickle their palates and excite their envy by drawing on the resources of cellar and pantry.

Then, of course, it was the proper thing to belong to the church, as an unbeliever was considered little better than a criminal. Consequently the various church functions were well attended. The church social and the surprise party enabled the young folks to get well acquainted and afforded them an opportunity to carry on courtships that usually had a happy termination and seldom landed the participants in the divorce court.

Now, however, the situation is entirely different. The social life of this class is in a transition state.

Whilst the population of our country has increased threefold, the increase in our cities has been even greater, for in 1890 there were no less than twenty-eight cities having over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the census of 1900 will no doubt show a material increase in this number.

The introduction of the trolley car, the elevator, the telephone, the electric light, the modern flat, the gas range, etc., which have added to the comforts of life, have necessitated a readjustment of our methods of living in order to enjoy them to the fullest extent.

Formerly the tendency was toward expansion and extravagance. Now it is toward contraction and economy. The prejudice against living in the same building with another family is fast dying out. The head of the family begins to compute the cost of maintaining a separate establishment, and includes in his reckoning his fuel bills, water rent, wages and breakage of a servant, street sprinkling assessment, extra cost of provisions, trolley car fares, etc., and finally

concludes he will get more comfort for less money in a modern flat near the business part of the city than he does by maintaining a separate establishment, and he resolves to try the experiment.

The change is made and he finds that he can sleep from a quarter to a half hour longer in the morning and still get to his office on time. He finds it quite a convenience to have hot water always on tap in the bathroom, and such a relief not to have to see that the water is not turned off on cold nights or the fire kept up in the furnace.

The good wife rejoices at the nearness of the markets and the great variety to choose from, at the gas range always ready to light, at the rooms all being on one floor with no running up and down stairs and at the absence of the dirt and litter incident to keeping up several coal fires.

Some day they have company that stay to dinner. There is no well-stocked pantry or cellar to draw from. The provisions are bought only from day to day as needed. One or more guests at mealtime, therefore, means an extra outlay for a larger and choicer cut of meat, another loaf of bread, a can of fruit, vegetables, etc. The fact that it costs money to feed guests is thus impressed on the good housewife, especially if the money comes out of her weekly allowance, and she is therefore inclined gradually to discourage these visits by returning only those of her most intimate friends. Her circle of acquaintances grows smaller thereby, and is made still smaller by deaths and removals.

Perhaps this family has joined that growing army of those who do not go to church, and this means of renewing, continuing and extending acquaintances is lost.

Probably they seek amusement and entertainment at the theater; but they do not make acquaintances there, and, besides, the moral influence of the modern theatrical performance is not what it might be.

Perhaps a number of friends drop in to spend the evening. The rooms were not built for such gatherings and the occupants feel almost as crowded and cramped as sardines in a box.

The head of the family in his daily intercourse with the world has his wits

continually sharpened; but his wife, the companion of his joys and sorrows, is gradually undergoing a species of mental rusting which will ultimately end in intellectual dullness.

The children form new acquaintances at school, and some of them drop in during the evenings to work their problems together or to assist one another with their many lessons. The mother, who is anxious, as all mothers should be, as to the character of her children's associates, knows nothing of the antecedents of these children and consequently rather frowns on these evening visits, even if she does not actually forbid them.

The result is: the children form associations among their schoolmates that are not under the watchful eye of the mother and of a kind that may not be conducive to good morals.

When through with school the boys go out into the world and begin the struggle for existence, while the girls in most cases stay at home. The belief that each woman should learn some way of earning her living, so that she will not be helpless if thrown on her own resources, is not universally prevalent. Girls thus find themselves in a situation similar to that of their mothers. The circle of their acquaintances and their chances for an advantageous matrimonial alliance grow smaller and smaller.

The average man does not marry simply to get a cook or a housekeeper. He wants a companion. The tendency of the present situation, however, is for the man to progress and the woman to retrograde, and thus they drift farther and farther apart till there is a strong temptation for the man to seek companionship elsewhere.

It would seem, therefore, that there should be a remedy provided which would do for the family what the club does for the homeless man.

Suppose, for instance, the heads of fifty families get together and organize a family club, and each agrees to pay into the treasury one dollar a month. This would provide a revenue of fifty dollars a month. Suitable rooms could be rented for twenty-five dollars a month and still enough be left for light, fuel and janitor's services. A small per capita subscription would buy the necessary carpets, curtains and chairs, while other odd pieces of furniture, etc.,

might be contributed by members of the club.

Members of such a club would meet on common ground. There could be no invidious remarks on the way one another's houses were furnished. The women could do their calling on one another at the clubhouse and thus save much time that is spent in calling as now done. There would then be some place where they would always be reasonably sure of meeting other members. Their circle of acquaintances would thus be enlarged. The children too young to go to school could accompany them and find playmates to which the mothers would not object.

In the evening the whole family could go to the club. The young folks would mingle and become well acquainted, and when they reached the usual age what would be more natural than that they should fall in love?—and the parents would have the satisfaction of knowing all about the interested parties.

Amusements to suit the tastes of the members could be provided: such as cards, music, dancing, reading, lectures, amateur theatricals, etc. There would surely be enough latent talent in an organization of that size to afford a variety sufficient to keep up the interest.

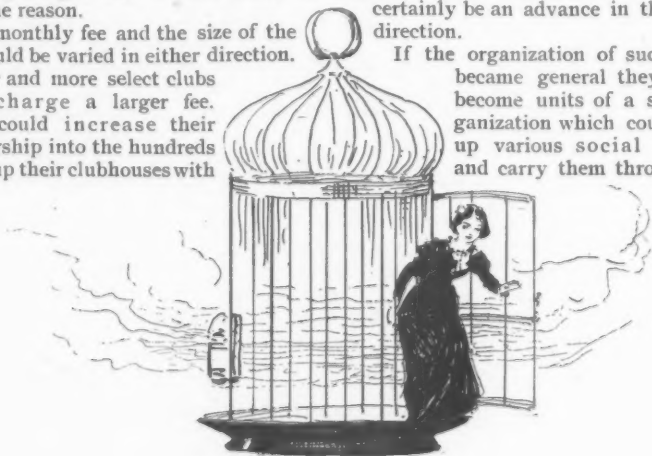
Then again, when any of the women members wanted to entertain their friends they could arrange to do so at the club and thus avoid having their houses torn up and yet have ample room for the affair. Weddings might also be held there for the same reason.

The monthly fee and the size of the club could be varied in either direction. Smaller and more select clubs could charge a larger fee. Clubs could increase their membership into the hundreds and fit up their clubhouses with

a stage, billiard room, bowling alley, etc. Two or more clubs might combine and furnish a larger and more elaborate clubhouse than either could furnish alone and could use it on alternate days. In small places where rents are cheap the fee might be reduced or the members might build a clubhouse just as churches now are built. Or a club might start out in a small way and when its membership increased it could secure larger quarters and better accommodations and add to its attractions. Of course, it may be objected that there is danger of getting an undesirable element into the club and destroying its usefulness, but this will hold good with all organizations and can be easily overcome.

Clubs would naturally vary in their standards. The club could only reflect the character of its members. It could not be better than they were. People of one kind and similar tastes would be apt to drift into the same club, but still, with all this, there would be an incentive for improvement which is lacking under the present system. It would broaden the minds of its members. It would get them out of the mental ruts they are running in and could not help but be of benefit. It would tend to develop any latent talent instead of blighting it. Instead of expecting to be amused and entertained they would feel called on to do their share of amusing and entertaining others. It would set them to thinking instead of letting others think for them. This would certainly be an advance in the right direction.

If the organization of such clubs became general they might become units of a state organization which could take up various social reforms and carry them through.





Drawn by A. C. Redwood

THE GREAT ELECTRIC TRUST.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

IT was a sultry day, even on the high uplands of eastern Colorado; and my train was a slow one. There were not more than a dozen passengers in the sleeper, and none was companionable. What was still worse, my cigar case was empty; and at my age the flavor of one's tobacco is no longer a matter of indifference.

But one cannot sit and glower out of a car-window hours on end with nothing to break the monotony, so I bought a third bad cigar of the buffet-man and went forward to smoke it. The smoking-room was empty; and when the bad cigar proved a dismal impossibility, I settled myself in a corner and went to sleep.

When I awoke I was no longer alone. In the seat diagonally opposite were two young men; the two who had got ahead of me the night before at the Pullman office and secured the only vacant stateroom on the train.

One of them was a clean-cut, cool-eyed athlete, with broad shoulders, and beard enough to mask his face. The other was a handsome young dog of the sort that is always straining at the leash; a fellow of the eager type, with a hint of genius in his eyes, and a face that seemed vaguely familiar, though I couldn't place it.

They were talking when I awoke; and seeing who they were, I was resentful enough about the stateroom episode to close my eyes and listen.

"No, I can believe you didn't have a picnic, Brantford"—it was the genius who said this. "It's no joke to go out and float a million-dollar scheme on an invention. Capital is mighty shy of inventions, nowadays, especially in the electric line. But my end of the pole hasn't been any too easy to carry, either. I've had my hands full to keep the thing dark."

"I don't doubt it," said the other. "Of course, you couldn't keep the building of the plant a secret."

"No; but that scheme of buying the old Algonquin placer was a happy thought. If it hadn't been for that, we should have had the world about our ears long ago."

If I had had any compunctions about listening, they would not have survived this mention of the Algonquin. This was an exhausted placer mine in El Remo Cañon. It had belonged to me, and had been sold for a song to an Eastern syndicate. The purchasers had given out that they were about to try a reworking of the tailings by a new electric process.

"Give me credit for that idea," said the bearded one. "You thought it wouldn't make any difference, but I saw at once that we'd have to have some decently plausible reason for carting a whole power plant into the mountains."

"You were right; and even with that excuse I've had the devil's own time of it keeping the busybodies off. There have been at least a dozen fellows up from Denver trying to worm out the secret of the 'new process.' By Jove! if they knew what the 'new process' really is, and how little it has to do with reworking worn-out mines, wouldn't there be the mischief to pay and no pitch hot?"

"Rather. But you're all in shape up there now, aren't you?"

"The last of the neutralizers was set up and tested Friday. I'm all ready to pull the string when you say the word."

"Good. That will be to-morrow at noon. The circular is out; but of course nobody will pay any attention to that. We'll have to give them an object-lesson."

The younger man laughed. "I'd give half of my share to be on the ground," he said. "It'll be unique in its way."

"Yes, but you can't be. You'll have to keep your hand on the throttle and your eye on the signal-staff. It'll be pretty nearly a full-fledged calamity while it lasts. By the way, has the signal been tested? We don't want to fall down on that. Our telephone will go to sleep with the rest of them when you start the machinery, won't it?"

"Sure. But the telescope scheme works all right. You have your copy of the code."

Silence ensued for the space of a dozen clicking rail-lengths. It was broken by the man Brantford.

"Say, Phil, when we started in on this thing you promised to tell me why you insisted on beginning with Denver instead of one of the larger cities of the East. I thought it was a waste of time, and I think so yet. It's no experiment; we know what we can do, and we could have cleaned up New York or Chicago just as well, and at less expense."

"I know; but I had my reasons," replied the genius.

"Of course you had; but what are they?"

"I'd about made up my mind to keep that a secret, but I don't know as I mind telling you now. Do you suppose the old party in the corner is sound asleep?" This, I presume, with a nod in my direction.

"Asleep or drunk. Go on with your story."

Now, a little abuse, judiciously applied, goes a long way toward justifying what may be termed the wisdom of the serpent. But if anything further of justification had been needed in my case, the next sentence gave it, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

"It began a year ago," continued the young scoundrel. "I was the electrician for the Denver Arc-light and Transit Company. Old Angus Percival is the president, and his daughter was the belle of her set."

"Is yet," cut in the other.

"Yes. Well, I had the audacity to fall in love with Miss Percival, and she—but you don't care about the details. It was as good as settled between us, and I went to the old man. You've perhaps heard of the Honorable Angus; if you have, you can imagine what kind of a reception I got. He didn't quite kick me out of the private office, but that is what it amounted to."

The bearded one laughed; not very sympathetically, I was glad to remark.

"I don't doubt you gave him as good as he sent."

"I'm afraid I did. He said I was a fortune-hunter; and I told him he'd live to see the day when I could buy and sell him. He laughed in my face at that—

told me to come back when I could draw a check for seven figures and he'd make out the bill of sale."

"Did you have this scheme in mind then?"

"I've had it in mind ever since I began to dabble in electricity; but after that, I went home to New York and sat up nights with it till I'd figured it out to a practical certainty. Now you know why I chose Denver for the trial trip. I wanted to do the old man up among the first of the victims."

"By Jove! but that's poetic retribu-

I don't know why the young jack-anapes didn't recognize me. Perhaps it was the beard; till within a few months I had always gone clean-shaven; but no matter about that. I had a knottier problem to solve. This mysterious plant in El Remo Cañon with the diabolical conspiracy behind it: what did it mean? Had young Cartwright actually hit upon some method of cornering electricity, as one would corner wheat or pork?

Let me say here that I had always believed the thing would be done; I had never doubted the possibility—he is a



Drawn by A. C. K. Wood.

"SHE DREW HERSELF UP WITH HER CHEEKS AFLAME."

tion with a vengeance! Old Percival has made his money in electricity, and you're going to corner his stock in trade—and with a plant built on ground that he used to own. A novelist would make something out of that. Finished your cigar? Then let's go back to the stateroom; it's hideously close in here."

When they had gone I sat bolt upright and made sure I was really awake. That fact established beyond question, my emotions were such as to be difficultly described. For I—the "old party in the corner" who was neither asleep nor drunk—I am "old Percival" himself, and no other!

bold man who talks of impossibilities in this inventive age.

And if the secret needed only a discoverer, why not Cartwright as well as another? He was a genius in his way; I never disputed that; but I didn't want him for a son-in-law. Surely a man may be permitted to have his preferences when it comes to a question of relationship.

But to the facts. Here was a roc's egg which, if permitted to hatch, would bring instantaneous ruin not only upon me and the company I represented, but upon thousands of others. The prospect was appalling. A modern city deprived of

electricity! A city, did I say?—a state, a nation, a world!

Consider it for a moment: no telephones, no telegraph, no electric transit, no light, no newspapers with news in them. Railway trains running blindly; traffic suspended; business paralyzed at a blow. All these calamities hanging like the sword of Damocles over a helpless world—a world at the mercy of a single gigantic trust. Clearly, this conspiracy—this father of all trusts—must be strangled in its infancy. But how?

I revolved a hundred expedients in my mind during the remainder of that eventful journey, but none of them promised certain success. I even went the length of considering the advisability of having Cartwright arrested on our arrival at Denver. But I had no evidence of anything illegal. He would go scot-free at his examination, and would doubtless prosecute me for false imprisonment.

That would never do. What next? Possibly a personal appeal to this brace of gallows-birds—but no; I could not bring myself to make it. If Cartwright had come to me in the proper spirit I might have taken him up and helped him. But he had declared war, and I had fought my way through too many minatory years to go down without a struggle.

That conclusion brought me face to face with the one expedient which did promise success, or at least an indefinite postponement of the catastrophe. I knew the location of the plant. It was to be driven by water-power, I had been told. A trusty and speedy emissary, who would ride as for his life and sink a dynamite cartridge torpedo-wise on the upper side of the dam—it could be done if I could find this messenger.

A desperate expedient, you say? With something of criminal hardihood about it? Pooh, my friend! That is nothing as between rival corporations. Do not railway companies block each other's right of way, tear up tracks, level embankments, or what not, to carry their points? Of course, it is different when private individuals do such things; but it is one of the recognized rights of corporations to make war, and this was corporation against corporation; the Denver Arc-light and Transit Company

against this thrice-cursed syndicate of Cartwright's.

I had settled the details before we reached Denver, and had taken the additional precaution of wiring ahead for a detective to meet me at the Union Depot. Whatever befell, it would not be amiss to keep track of the man Brantford. I had gathered from their talk that Cartwright would go on at once to the plant on the El Remo, and that Brantford would remain in the city. In which case it might be necessary to use him as a means of communication with his accomplice.

The detective met me as ordered, and I pointed out the man I wanted him to shadow. Then I went to my office and found that I had had my trouble for my pains. The first thing I came upon in the mass of waiting mail was the circular Brantford had spoken of. It was brief and business-like.

"OFFICE OF THE ELECTRIC CONSERVATION COMPANY.

"Room 714, Rathburne Building,

"DENVER, COLO., June 19th.

"NOTICE TO ALL USERS OF ELECTRICITY:

"You are hereby notified that the royalty for the use of electricity by your company is due and unpaid. If same is not liquidated before noon of June 29th, the supply will be discontinued.

"Checks (certified), or drafts, should be made payable to the Electric Conservation Company, and may be mailed or delivered to the undersigned. Statement of amount due is attached hereto.

"Very respectfully,

"CHARLES BRANTFORD,

"Secretary."

I read it through, noted the address, and glanced at the bill. Admitting the possibility of enforcing collection, it was quite modest, all things considered.

"THE DENVER ARC-LIGHT AND

"TRANSIT CO.,

"To The Electric Conservation Co. *Dr.*

"For the use of Electricity for one year, from June 19th, . . . \$10,000."

Unsupported by my inside information, the apparent insanity of the demand and the threat would have provoked a smile. But it was no jest. These villains knew

very well what they were about. It was anything but insanity, as all Denver would find out if my plan should miscarry.

Late as it was, I made an effort to find and dispatch my messenger before going home. "Mexican George," a post-graduate vaquero, and now one of our motoneers, was the man; a desperate fellow who had successfully defended his car against a recent raid of footpads in one of the suburbs.

But he was not on duty, and no one knew where to find him. On reconsideration, I concluded that there was time enough. To-morrow, at noon, Brantford had said. The plant on El Remo was but twenty-five miles distant, as a cowboy would ride, and George would have time enough and to spare if he started early in the morning. So thinking, I left word with the night-foreman to have George on hand with a good horse early in the morning, and went home, in such a frame of mind as may be imagined. Unluckily for both of us, my daughter Kate was awaiting me in the library, evidently with something to say of a nature unsayable.

"I'm so glad you've come, poppa," she began, with the intonation which I have learned to recognize as the precursor of some fresh invasion of my rights. "I was afraid you had been delayed another day."

"Oh, you were," said I. I was in no mood to be willingly beset by my womankind.

"Yes; I had a letter to-day, and I wanted to see you—to ask——"

"Well, well; out with it. I'm tired and worried, and don't want to be badgered."

"It's this, poppa"—she came and perched herself on the arm of my chair, as her mother was used to do in the days that are gone. "I had a letter to-day from—from Philip——"

"Philip who?" I interrupted, knowing well enough what was coming.

"Philip Cartwright. He is coming to Denver before long; he has been doing

well, and—and you know you said it was because he had no money that you sent him away. He writes to ask if he mayn't come to see me——"

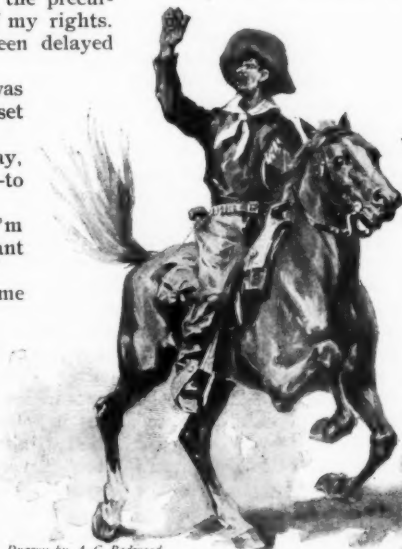
It was too much. A man at my time of life ought to be able to control himself, but there is a limit to all things. Without a thought of possible consequences, I sprang up and poured out the vials of my wrath.

"Curse his impudence!" I shouted. "If he comes here I'll pitch him out of the window! Do you hear? Doing well, is he? Do you know how? No, of course you don't. Well, I'll tell you. He and some of his scoundrelly associates have built an infernal machine up on the old Algonquin claim. They're going to blackmail us; ruin us, world without end! Listen to this——" I was quite insane by that time—wholly lost to all sense of prudence; and I jerked the circular from my pocket and read it to her.

She listened with wide eyes.

"But, poppa? How can they——" she began.

"Never mind how. I don't know, myself. They'll do it—or they think they will; but, by heaven, they sha'n't! I'll block their game if I go to jail for it! And that thrice-cursed young villain



Drawn by A. C. Redwood.

"THE BRONCHO SPRANG AWAY AT THE WORD."

that you want to throw yourself away on had better stand from under if he wants to stay on top of earth. I'll bury him so deep that it'll take a steam-shovel to dig him out!"

Of all the foolish things said and repented of in a not altogether blameless life, I think this was the most ill-advised. But what would you, when one has been sweating wrath from every pore for the better part of an afternoon?

Kate has her share of the Percival temper; and when she drew herself up with her cheeks aflame and eyes flashing I knew what to expect.

"You mean to kill him?" she said, steadily. "I believe you are quite capable of it—if you could make money by doing it. But I give you fair warning. I love him, and some day we shall be married, with or without your consent. I don't know anything about this enterprise of his, nor do I care. But I will say this: you are not going to hurt him if I can do anything to prevent it."

With that she swept out of the room and left me to my own reflections. They were neither pleasant nor profitable; but through all the reek and spume of after-
wrath I clung obstinately to my plan. Mexican George should be sent on his errand, come what might.

The thing was done, accordingly, and in good time. When I reached the office early the following morning, my henchman was standing on the curb with his arm around the neck of a wiry broncho. He was a man of few words, and he merely nodded when I gave him his instructions.

"Better use dualin and a quick fuse, if you are not afraid of it," I said. "And see here; this is a strictly business deal. There mustn't be anybody hurt. Be swift and silent. Get that dam blown out before twelve o'clock, and you'll find five hundred dollars, in gold, waiting for you when you get back."

I did not like the look of him when he turned with one foot in the stirrup and glanced back at me.

"Yo comprende," he said, "you want a me not-a to keel somebody. But-a the dam—she mus' come down ennaway. Vaya!"

The broncho sprang away at the word, and I looked at my watch. George had

something over four hours in which to cover the distance and do his work. It was time enough, barring accidents; and I went to my desk with the doubtful assurance that the catastrophe promised for noon was at least likely to be postponed.

Promptly on the stroke of eleven I presented myself at the door of Room 714, Rathburne Building. Brantford sat at his desk alone. He looked up with a quick glance of half-recognition, but it was evident that he did not remember where he had seen me.

"Good morning. This is Mr. Charles Brantford?"

He bowed.

"My name is Percival. I presume you are the sender of this"—handing him the circular and its inclosure.

"I am."

I looked him over critically.

"You don't look like a crank or a madman, Mr. Brantford. Tell me candidly, now, do you expect anybody to put up money on such a bluff as that?"

"Certainly not," he replied, coolly. "On the contrary, I supposed it would be ignored, as it has been. You are the only person concerned who has done me the honor to notice it."

"Do you know you are liable to prosecution as a blackmailer?" I demanded.

"Pardon me," he rejoined blandly. "I should be if I were an impostor. But I am not. I represent a corporation duly organized and chartered under the laws of the State of New York; and the conditions set forth in this circular will be carried out to the letter in a little less than an hour."

"I'd like to wager you an even thousand that they won't be," said I, confidently.

"This is not a pool-room, Mr. Percival, and I am not here to bet with our future customers. Your royalty is ten thousand dollars—a very reasonable sum, you will concede, in view of what we might ask. Pay it before twelve o'clock, and your plant will be stopped for only a few minutes—just long enough to give others the needed object-lesson."

"Humph! Thank you for nothing. I need the object-lesson quite as much as the others. If you can work your miracle, we'll talk about royalties after-



Drawn by A. C. Redwood.

"HE LOOKED UP WITH A QUICK GLANCE OF HALF-RECOGNITION."

ward. If you can't, you'd better make sure of your line of retreat."

"Threats are cheap, Mr. Percival. What do you mean?"

"This. That you want to carry out your programme at twelve o'clock sharp. If you fail, I shall swear out a warrant for your arrest on a charge of attempted blackmail."

With that I left him and went back to my office. There was no lack of work—my correspondence was a week behind—but after trying in vain to dictate a few of the easier letters, I dismissed the stenographer and sat back in my chair to watch the clock.

It was a slow job. I've worried through a good few critical intervals, first and last, but never anything to compare with that leaden-winged half-hour. As the laggard minute-hand crept up to the twelve, the cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I began to weaken.

What if Mexican George had made a botch of it and got a bullet-hole in his hide before he could fire his torpedo? What if any one of a hundred possible accidents had delayed him on the road? What if?—but patience; a minute more and I should know.

The final seconds clicked themselves off with measured precision, and the clock struck the hour. I held my breath and listened. The skirr of the trolleys in the street came and went without interruption; and the carbon filament in the incandescent globe over my desk still glowed with undiminished brilliancy. One minute, two minutes, three, five, I waited, with nerves tense-strung; and still the clangor of the passing cars floated in through the open window, and the light glowed steadily.

With a sigh of relief I rose to put on my hat and go out to luncheon. Mexican George had not failed, and the crisis was postponed.

As I was closing my desk the stenographer came in and handed me a note.

"It's from Miss Kate," he explained. "She rode down early this morning and left it, with orders to give it to you when you went to lunch."

I opened the envelope with a swift premonition of evil, and glanced hastily at the inclosure.

"DEAR PAPA:

"By the time you read this, I shall be at the Algonquin. I know you have sent

Mexican George out there—never mind how I found out—and *I know what he has in his saddle-bags!* I shall outride him, if I can, and warn Philip. Whether I ever come back or not will depend upon you.

KATE."

My first impulse was to turn and rend the stenographer for not giving me the note at once. But in the very act the hideous possibility came and grappled with me, leaving me palsied and tonguetied. I remembered that the dam in El Remo was approached by a road running up the cañon from the railway station in the main cañon. It was a mere cart-track, following the windings of the stream. If Kate had been in it when the dam went out, her fate was certain. The released water had doubtless flooded the narrow gulch, sweeping everything before it.

The thought drove me mad with anguish for a moment, and it was a curious thing that saved my sanity—no other, in fact, than the coming of the catastrophe I had been striving to avert.

One of our cars had stopped opposite the office windows, and I saw the motomeer try once and again to put the current on. I could have shouted for joy when I saw that his efforts were unavailing. It meant that Cartwright's infernal machine was still in working order; that the dam was still standing; that there was one more chance of life for my poor girl.

I thank God I don't lose my head in a crisis. As quick as thought I made a dash for the telephone, found Brantford's number and tried to ring him up. But it was not until I had shouted angrily more than once into the deaf transmitter that I realized that the telephone service, too, was involved in the catastrophe. Dropping the dumb ear-piece with a malediction on my own stupidity, I ran out and sprang into the first passing cab.

"To the Rathburne Building, quick!" I shouted; and the man hurried me thither at a gallop.

All along the streets the electric cars were stopped, and the passengers were leaving them to go to the cable lines. In a rookery in Alameda Street I saw a fire breaking out; and as we turned the corner, a policeman was making frantic and fruitless efforts to turn in an alarm.

The direful calamity was as yet but just beginning to make itself apparent; but the news of it had already leaped from lip to lip, and there was awe and terror in the faces of those who gathered in knots on the sidewalks to swell the tide of panic-breeding rumor.

These were mere incidentals, swift impressions caught in mid-flitting, but they gave me an appalling glimpse of the magnitude of the visitation. But in my own anguish I scarcely thought of the consequences to others. If those motionless cars had suddenly started again, I should have gone mad with despair.

Brantford was still at his desk when I burst in upon him.

"Tell me," I gasped, "can you communicate with Cartwright?"

He seemed surprised that I should know the name of his confederate, but his answer was brief and to the point.

"I can."

"Then send him a message, quick! Tell him to watch the dam for his life—to shoot the first man he sees tampering with it. Don't lose a second, for God's sake! It's life and death, I tell you!"

He sprang to his feet and leveled a telescope through the open window. I did not wait to see how it was to be done; I knew it was but a makeshift. Five minutes later I was in the train-dispatcher's office at the Union Depot, begging like a mendicant for a special engine to take me to El Remo.

"We can't do it, Mr. Percival—not even for you," replied the dispatcher; and I saw that he, too, was haggard and anxious. "There's a big storm coming, or something; I've a dozen trains between stations, and not a wire to reach one of them with. Look at that clock!"

He pointed up to the electric clock on the wall. It had stopped at precisely six minutes past the noon hour.

"Wires down?" said I, though I knew better. "That's bad, but I can't help it; it's a case of life and death with me. For heaven's sake, let me have an engine, quick! I'll take all the chances, and pay all damages."

"I don't believe I could find an engineer who would risk it," said the dispatcher.

"For God's sake, try!" I begged. "I'll go with you."

He put on his hat and ran downstairs

with me. Luckily, there was a narrow-gauge switching engine standing in the passenger yard. A minute later the case had been stated to the engineer. He was a man of nerve, and his name is now in a codicil to my will.

"I'll try it," he said, when I had made my bid. "I reckon I'm game for it if the old gentleman is."

While we were rattling out through the yard I increased my bribe.

"It's a forty-five-minute run, isn't it?" I asked.

The engineer nodded.

"Then it's a hundred dollars to you if you make it in forty minutes, with five dollars more for every minute you cut under that!"

He nodded again, and we shot away from the city on the race for life.

I can't dwell, even now, on the nerve-racking misery of that trip. It was hoping against hope to expect that I might still be in time; and the barb of the arrow—the thought that my own hands had set the snare for my poor Kate—rankled deeper with every bound of the straining locomotive.

It seemed hours to me before we reached the main cañon; and other hours while we were storming up it to the little station at the mouth of El Remo. In reality, it was a little less than thirty minutes, all told, I believe; at least, I paid the engineer on that basis afterward—and put his name in my will, as I have said.

When the throbbing machine came to a stand, I clambered down without a word to the astonished engineer, and dashed, like the madman that I was, up the road leading to the old Algonquin claim. There was a rugged mile of it, and one is no longer an athlete at fifty, but at last, with every muscle straining to the point of collapse, I came in sight of the new power-house at the head of the gulch—of that, and of a brief tableau in the road nearer at hand.

A hundred yards away, and on the opposite side of the stream, Mexican George was clambering impetuously up the slope of the mountain, unheeding the shouts of a man running down the road with a poised rifle. Half-way between me and the shouting pursuer, I saw Kate. Her horse had taken flight at the noise, and

was bounding and curveting under her. While I looked, Cartwright stopped and brought the rifle to his face. At the same instant, as if warned by some mysterious impulse, he glanced back at the dam. In that pregnant second, the solid wall of masonry was jarred to its foundations; there was a muffled explosion, and the dam heaved slowly outward.

In the turning of a leaf, Cartwright had flung his weapon away and bounded to the side of the snorting horse. I had a fleeting glimpse of the rescue. I saw him snatch Kate from the saddle and dart up the precipitous mountain-side with her in his arms; saw that, and heard the roar of the angry flood, and had time to thank God out of a full heart before I went down in the bellowing rush of waters.

They picked me up at the mouth of the cañon, sodden and bruised, but not quite as dead as I might have been; saved, they said, by my utter weariness which made



Drawn by A.C. Redwood.

"MAKING FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO TURN IN
AN ALARM."

me go down limp and passive, like a child or a drunken man. Cartright took charge of things, got me back to Denver, and he and Kate nursed me back to what there is left of life for one who has measured his first half-century.

I don't know to this day how much Philip knows about my share in the demolition of his plant; but that is a matter apart.

No son could have been kinder to me than he has been; and he has a wise head on his young shoulders for all his impudence, as I have reason to know. It was many months before I could attend to business, and after they were married, he lifted the burden in my stead and carried it like a man.

But that, too, is a matter apart. What I had in mind when I began was to tell the story of the first skirmish with the electric trust. Properly speaking, that ends with the crumbling of the dam in the cañon, but I desire to add one word in my own defense. It is not my fault that

the preliminary victory merely delayed the march of the great monopoly. You will observe that I did what I could with the means at hand, and that I hoped for nothing more than an armistice in which we might be able to make better terms for ourselves.

"But there is no such thing as an electric trust!" you say? My incredulous friend, compare your telegraph and telephone charges, your power and light bills, with those of ten years ago. Do you perceive any diminution in them? Do you pay less for your electric service now than you did before nine-tenths of the patents ran out?

I think not; and if you haven't happened to hear of the Electric Conservation Company, it merely proves that my son-in-law and his associates in business have learned somewhat of prudence and secrecy since they builded their first experiment station in El Remo Cañon, and served printed notices on the Denver electric companies.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

THE BISHOP THOBURN SPECIAL FUND FOR INDIA.

REV. ROCKWELL CLANCY, Secy.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA, NOV. 10, 1897.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, ESQ.,

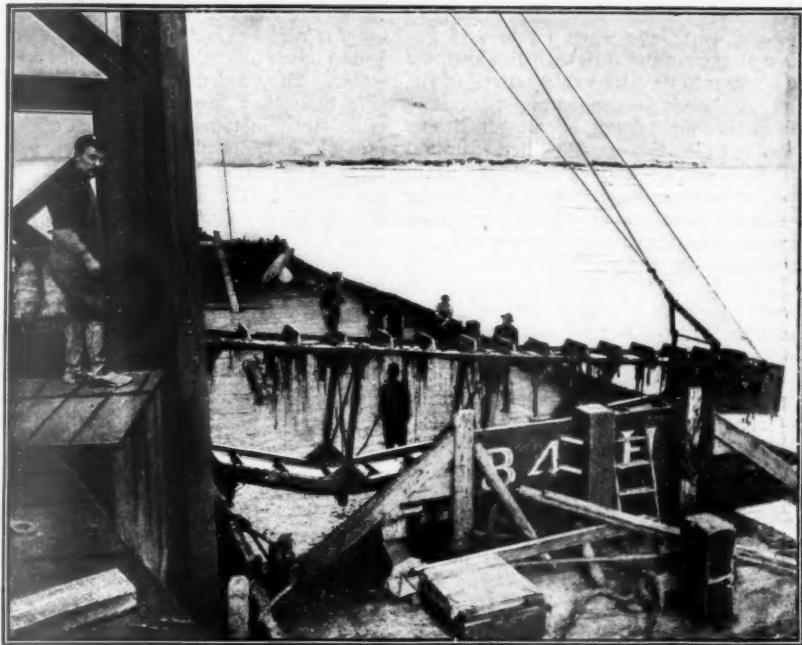
Proprietor THE COSMOPOLITAN, Irvington, New York:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of September 30th was received several days ago. We received the three hundred dollars, and are very grateful to you for your kindness in sending it. I am writing to-day to Mr. Marsh, of South Bend, Indiana, thanking him for the gift.

I am glad to tell you that the famine is practically at an end, though there is still much suffering, as millions had lost everything. The famine was the worst of the century. In the northwest provinces, with a population of forty-seven million, more than thirty-seven million received help. The relief given during the famine was equal to what would be necessary to feed the combined populations of Great Britain and India for one day. The people of India are indebted to every country in the world for help. India's terrible suffering touched the heart of the world. Among the gifts none was more appreciated than America's gift of grain. From the time the "City of Everett" sailed from San Francisco until she entered the Hoogly and anchored at Calcutta, plans were being made for the distribution of the grain. Railroads had offered to carry the grain free of charge; and when the grain arrived in the various centers of distribution, thousands of hungry people were anxiously waiting for a share. Many persons on receiving the grain parched it, and satisfied their hunger at the place of distribution. Doctor Hobbs, who came with the "City of Everett," visited the worst famine districts, and was actually worshiped by many of the people. * * * Again thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Yours sincerely,

ROCKWELL CLANCY.



FEEDER FOR THE BOILER.

GREAT BUSINESS OPERATIONS.

III.

THE UTILIZATION OF CITY GARBAGE.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

THE people generally are prone to call everything "garbage" with which a department of street cleaning has to do. Garbage is not a product of street-sweeping; the removal of stable manure has nothing to do with it; neither has the burning of paper and rubbish. In its proper acceptance, the term is limited solely to such waste organic matter as comes from kitchens, market-stalls and the establishments of fruit and fish dealers. Its best simple definition is "food waste." During the winter it consists very largely of fish and animal matter, containing a comparatively large proportion of grease and nitrogen. In summer there is added to the constant quantity of the foregoing an immense amount of decayed and refuse vegetables and fruit, which consists much more largely than does the winter product of water, woody fiber and cellulose, with a lim-

ited amount of nitrogenous matter and an apparently infinitesimal amount of grease. The matters of animal origin, especially under high temperatures, soon pass into a very offensive state of putrefaction, producing disgusting odors. The vegetable matter in decomposition yields sour and unpleasant odors, which are by no means so offensive.

It is a popular notion that the decomposition of garbage is highly productive of that great bugbear of the uninformed, "the germs of disease." As a matter of fact, so far as is now known, none of the minute organisms, whatever their kind, can escape from garbage in the most offensive state of putrefaction. So long as they are moist they do not leave the substance to which they are attached. It is only when the material is as dry as powder that, in connection with dust, they are blown into the air. A bad smell

is probably unaccompanied by bacteria of any sort save when bubbles of gas escaping from the surface of liquid throw a spray into the air as they burst. In the recent hearings concerning the odors from Barren Island, expert physicians testified that the air was filled with pestilential odors. The odors which they intended to describe may have a sickening effect on the human system, but they cannot carry pestilence, nor are they accompanied by the germs of disease.

Therefore, it is proper to say that while putrid garbage is most objectionable and may constitute a real nuisance, it is not in itself directly a transmitter of disease. The worst that can be said for it, is that it may establish such a condition of the system as to make the subject more than usually susceptible to the invasion of disease from other sources.

It is not intended by the above to advance the idea that garbage kept long enough to enter into putrefaction, is not emphatically a great nuisance, and there is no question but that it is the first duty of those having charge of its treatment to remove it beyond the neighborhood of population before its decomposition is materially advanced, and to dispose of it by some process which shall be free from sanitary objection, and which shall be complete and effective. The methods of treatment are of two distinct sorts—Cremation and Utilization.

CREMATION.

The difficulty of disposing of garbage, especially in inland towns, has grown not only with the increase of population, but with the ideas of the inhabitants as to cleanliness and good sanitary conditions. The first impulse is, naturally, to destroy a substance which gives so much trouble. The second, which is fast replacing the first, is to save that which is known to be valuable. The process of destruction is known as cremation, and it consists in the burning of garbage in specially prepared furnaces, which are more or less satisfactory in their methods and their results. It is a costly and a wasteful process, even when carried on under the most favorable conditions.

Crematories (known in England as "destructors," and used there not only

for garbage, but for rubbish, cinders and other material as well) have been the subject of much invention and careful experiment. They are now far less objectionable than they formerly were. At the same time, instances are comparatively rare where the burning of garbage in such furnaces is not, at times and in certain conditions of the atmosphere, seriously objectionable. The older furnaces were usually located in the poorer parts of the town, and among a population not especially squeamish about foul odors. The later and better furnaces, with high chimney stacks to produce a strong draught, are sometimes built in the neighborhood of residences of the better class. To the immediate neighbors they are not objectionable, as the fumes escaping from the chimney at a great height are carried a longer distance before reaching the earth. A number of cases are cited, however, where disagreeable odors are detected from such works even at the distance of a mile, though not noticed by the near residents.

Early in the present administration of the department of street cleaning in New York, efforts were begun to determine the best course to pursue for the disposal of the garbage of a growing population of two million souls. More than a year was occupied in investigation; information was sought from foreign and domestic publications and experts were employed in investigating, with great care, all the more important disposal works in operation in the country, whether by cremation or utilization. The cost of these investigations was mainly borne by those interested in the different processes, and the financial results developed were, under a very proper agreement, kept secret and strictly for the use of the department. A good opportunity was therefore given for a careful investigation as to the character and method of disposal of organic refuse, in winter and summer, and under varied conditions; the examinations being carried on during nearly every month in the year. The general results of the investigations, as to incineration, or cremation, as shown in the final product—the ash—were not always found to be satisfactory. There was nearly always more or less vegetable matter which was only partially carbonized, and in every refuse heap examined there

was found paper which was not even charred. By far the greater part of the refuse treated was effectually destroyed or rendered harmless.

A crematory has this advantage over utilization works, that it can be operated by a few hands, and that skilled labor is seldom needed to produce a generally good result. Unfortunately for the reputation of the processes, the men employed by city authorities are not always faithful and reliable, so that the furnace lacks the careful attention that it would have under proper control. Points of minor importance are overlooked, repairs are postponed, and as the life of the plant depends largely on attention to these minor points, it has often resulted that processes which, with faithful and reasonably intelligent management, would have given good results, have lost reputation under the sort of municipal control to which public work is too often subjected. Our examiners reported that in municipal plants, defects of management are too often obvious and imperfect results follow. For example: more or less garbage spills from the carts, and falling on the heated edges of the charging holes, is there burned in the open

air, and creates a nuisance. Then again, free water does not always run into the fire, and while this is advantageous so far as cheapness of operation and completeness of burning are concerned, an offensive condition of the surrounding air is produced. When the liquid portion of the garbage is discharged directly into the furnace, the fires are dulled and retarded, sometimes entirely preventing incineration. This does not hold true of reverberatory furnaces, which have pans under the grates for collecting the water, but with this arrangement foul-smelling vapors escape from the evaporating pans, so that it is necessary to have a supplemental fire near the base of the stack to destroy them. Observation of the escaping smoke shows frequent changes in the color and volume coinciding with the opening of the charging holes and the dumping of fresh refuse on the fires. Liability to the production of foul odors is greatly increased by such irregularities.

Various fuels are used for cremation. An oil- or gas-burning furnace seems to be preferable to one using coal, as the flame is more easily controlled. Difficulty is always caused by the opening



PRESSING GARBAGE AFTER BOILING.

of doors and sight-holes. The intermittent inrush of cold air is detrimental to the burning, and injurious to the structure.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that water itself may be made available as fuel by converting its vapor into hydrogen and oxygen, which will again unite with themselves, or with something else, with the evolution of a vast amount of heat. The fact is that the heat developed by the reunion of these gases is merely the equivalent of the heat taken up in their dissociation. Therefore, no part of the garbage can be counted as fuel except such as will unite with atmospheric oxygen at attainable temperatures. The water contained is always and only a detriment.

It would be apart from my purpose to go fully into the consideration of the technical features of cremation. It is an art which has reached a high degree of development, and which in its best form and under proper guidance may be accepted as good, from the sanitary point of view, and as being practically free from offense. At the same time, cremation means destruction and loss of matter which may be converted into a source of revenue. It is to be understood, of course, that the foregoing observations relate solely to the cremation of *garbage*. The cremation of the general refuse of a town, so common in England, is quite a different matter.

UTILIZATION.

With a view to economy, our attention in New York was early given to the rival processes of utilization. It is possible to dispose of garbage and market refuse in such a way as to recover a notable amount of ammonia and glue, and perhaps of other minor products. The principal object in commercial enterprises of this sort is, however, to recover as much as possible of the contained grease, and to convert the dried residuum into a fertilizer.

City garbage from kitchens and markets contains about seven per cent. of rubbish, such as cans, bottles, rags, etc., more than three per cent. of grease, twenty per cent. of animal and vegetable dry matter and nearly seventy per cent. of

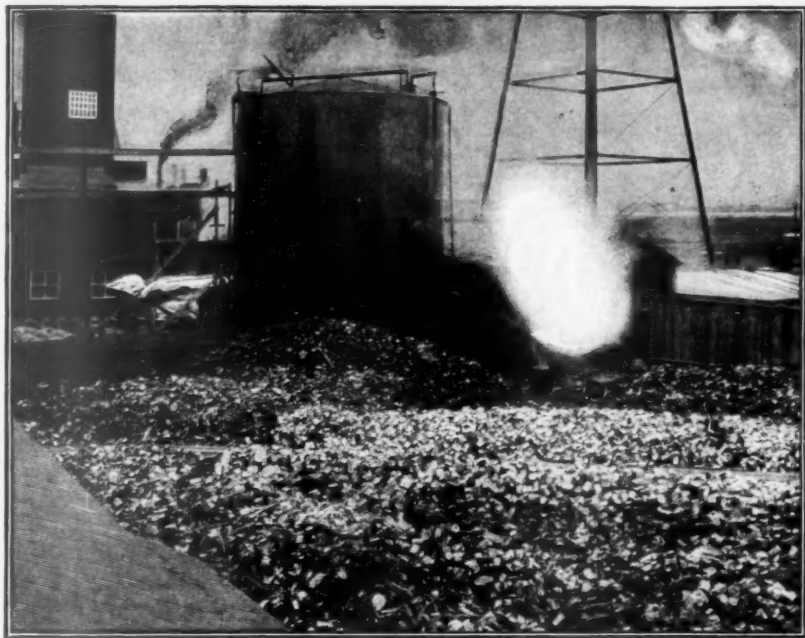
water. To cook the raw garbage and separate it into four substances—rubbish, grease, fertilizing material and water—is the object of all of the garbage "reduction" or utilization systems.

The rubbish has hardly enough value to pay for its separation, and the water has no value at all. To get rid of these two elements is the costly part of any process. The percentages as given above are by no means constant; they vary from city to city, and they vary with the season of the year. The special machinery used in the reduction processes consists chiefly of cooking tanks or "digesters" (or "extractors"), presses, dryers, fume destroyers, grease-extracting tanks, naphtha tanks, naphtha condensers, screening apparatus, and disintegrators for grinding the coarse material.

The "digester" is always understood to mean an upright steel cylinder with steam-tight doors at top and bottom for filling and emptying. These cylinders are of various sizes, generally from twelve to fifteen feet high by five to six feet in diameter. They hold five or six tons of garbage. Pipes and valves regulate the admission of steam to cook the contents. The cylinders are also sometimes steam-jacketed. These tanks or digesters are supported on iron framing, and so arranged as to be easily filled and emptied. From six to ten hours' time is employed for the cooking.

The presses are used to force out water and grease from the cooked material before it goes to the dryer. These are sometimes perforated cylinders filled with the tankage, which is slowly compressed by pistons until a large part of the water and most of the grease has been squeezed out; this method is little used now. In other cases, the liquid is collected in tanks, and the solid but still very wet material is placed upon crates in thin layers surrounded by gunny-sacking—a number of these crates being superimposed and pressure being applied up to even two hundred and forty tons.

The dryers are used for the final evaporation of water from the solid matter (technically known as "tankage"). These dryers are steam-jacketed cylinders in which revolving arms continuously stir the material; the heat derived from the cylinders is thus equally distributed,



CANS READY FOR THE FURNACE.

and the contents are uniformly dried and considerably disintegrated. The dryers in common use receive a charge of from two to three tons.

Watery vapor escaping from the dryers carries with it fumes which are more or less offensive, and to prevent the escape of these is a chief study in all such factories. Some of the fumes may be condensed by water, some may be decomposed by ordinary heat and some can be destroyed only by combustion at high temperature. Attached to the dryers, therefore, there are usually pipes and means for forcing these fumes successively through a cold water spray, heated retorts and the hottest fire of the furnace. The amount of gas which survives these three ordeals is too small to be obnoxious or to be considered. The solid matter as it finally comes from the dryers is already partially ground. It is then run through a screening apparatus. The resulting coarse material is further ground or disintegrated to a proper degree of fineness.

The operations of a number of companies working under different processes were very carefully studied. The chief

processes used by these companies were the Merz system, the Preston, the Pierce, the Holthaus and the Arnold. In several processes benzine or naphtha is used, which dissolves the grease, and carries it away when the liquid contents of the digester are withdrawn. In the Pierce process the garbage is dumped into cooking tanks which are tightly closed, benzine is admitted, and steam is applied to heat the contents. After a short time the grease is dissolved by the naphtha, the solution is drained off and the residuum is dried. In the Merz process, as now carried on at Buffalo and St. Louis, benzine also is used. The Holthaus, the Preston and the Arnold processes are purely mechanical—that is, there is no dissolving of the grease by naphtha.

A long and careful study of the operations of companies using these three latter processes led to the conclusion that either one of them could be carried on at a profit. It was, therefore, determined, in the interest of the city, to accept any one of these which might be the lowest bidder. At the first bidding they stood in the following order:

Arnold, \$169,900; Holthaus, \$175,000; Merz, \$144,000.

At the next bidding the Merz adhered to its original bid of \$144,000, the Holthaus did not bid at all and the Arnold bid \$89,990—this being the price to be paid annually to the company by the city on a contract having five years to run. It was estimated that this sum would be about equal to the cost to the company of transporting to Barren Island, some twenty miles distant, the garbage being delivered free on board at the piers, leaving the company to depend entirely on the selling value of its products to compensate it for its investment and to give it a profit. At that time crude grease was worth about three cents per pound and "tankage" about six dollars per ton. It was estimated that the output of garbage would be six hundred tons per day, which would yield eighteen tons of grease—about one thousand dollars per day—and about one hundred tons of tankage, worth six hundred dollars. Since the company began its operations grease has fallen at one time as low as one and a half cents per pound; but the amount of garbage delivered will considerably exceed six hundred tons, and it is believed that a fair profit is already being made.

The works on Barren Island are much the largest reduction works in the world. They were constructed with much haste, and the business, on such a scale, needed to be organized from beginning to end, with no precedent as a guide. The establishment has now been in operation a full year. Already great improvement in the organization of the works has been made, and important improvements in the manipulations and methods have been developed. The device for unloading which was originally adopted proved to require too much labor, and a special conveyer for taking the garbage from the scows to the digesters had to be invented. This works well, and has resulted in a great saving. In many other respects the processes of the establishment have been simplified. Machinery has been made, as far as possible, to do the work of hand labor, with resulting economy.

Experiments are now being made with a system of continuous pressing, which, if successful, will save enough in the cost of working to amount to a fair profit on

the business. Complaints were made that a dark-colored caramel refuse was discharged into the mouth of Jamaica Bay. This could have done no harm whatever, for the amount of the effluent relatively to the amount of the tidal current was entirely insignificant. The dilution was complete. The only real objection was a sentimental one, and lay in the fact that for a hundred feet beyond the outlet pipes the course of the effluent could be traced by the color. In order to obviate the criticism arising from this source, a system of evaporation was adopted, reducing the liquid from its thin condition to a very heavy syrup. The indications are that the residuum of this evaporation will add a fertilizing value to the tankage more than sufficient to cover the cost of the process.

Those complaints which had a reasonable foundation in fact related to the escape of the steam from the digesters into the outer air. The odor of this was not especially noticeable; but it seemed worth while to suppress even this source of comment. Therefore, the escaping steam is now condensed and its associated gases are purified.

There are yet other ways by which it is hoped that the methods of working can be improved and cheapened. When successful, they will make still clearer the demonstration of the fact already apparent that the garbage of a great city can be inoffensively disposed of by a process of reduction and separation yielding a good commercial profit. It is believed that after the present contract shall have expired the city will be able to demand a considerable bonus for the privilege of taking its garbage in lieu of the large sum now paid by it.

The important question now remains as to whether or not the smaller towns of the country can afford to dispose of their garbage by a similar process. This cannot be answered with any certainty, nor can any great probability of success be assured. At the same time, I think it is fair to assume that the general scheme for the disposal of the wastes of New York could be adopted by towns of not less than fifty thousand population. That scheme in its completeness will include the use of street sweepings and so much of the ashes as cannot profitably be util-

ized, for filling in low lands, or for other use.

The indications are favorable to a successful separation of unburned coal and fine ashes by mechanical process that will give a good financial return. For example: The calculations that have been made after careful experiments, in the separation of unburned coal, indicate that the selling value of such material in this city would now amount to \$325,000 per annum. This would be the equivalent of about eight thousand dollars for a population of fifty thousand.

Experiments made under the patents of Joseph A. Shinn, of Pittsburgh, as to the making of mortar and fire-proof building material by using fine ashes from domestic fires, in lieu of sand in lime mortar, have shown remarkable results. Briquettes have been made with a tensile strength quite equal to those made with briquettes of Rosendale cement and sand in equal parts. This investigation has not been carried to the point of determining the possible commercial value of the product. It can only be said to be in a very promising condition.

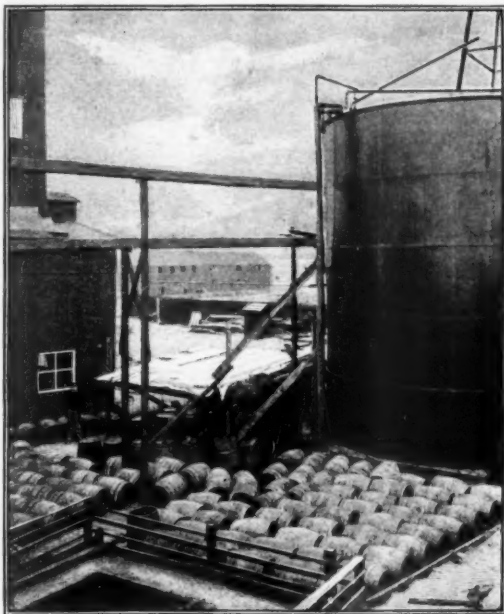
We are making a separate collection of what is known under the generic term as "Paper and Rubbish." This covers everything except street sweepings, ashes and garbage with which the department has to do. It is made up of the domestic rejectamenta of this immense population, and ranges from small bits of paper to large articles of furniture. The amount collected in New York runs up to about

nine hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards per annum. We have already been offered two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars per annum for the privilege of culling this material for salable products. This offer was not accepted, as the sum was believed to be too small. It would represent net profit beyond the cost of separation, and it would be about six thousand dollars per year for a population of fifty thousand. In our experimental work, and in the work done by a contractor who pays eighty-five dollars

per week for the privilege of culling at a single yard, there are four grades of paper and five of rags and three of carpets. These constitute the great bulk of the salable material, but bagging, twine, shoes, hats, various bottles, tin cans, copper, brass, curled hair, haircloth and rubber are important items. There is no reason why, even in a very small town, there should not be collected as it is discarded by

householders, and accumulated until the quantity is sufficient for carload shipment.

Of course, there must be a point at which the decrease of population would make garbage utilization unprofitable, but I fancy that that point would not be reached until the size of the town had been reduced to much less than fifty thousand. With less than that population it is quite likely that the process of utilization would not return a profit, but I believe that that would amply pay the cost of carrying on the work, and there is now, in my mind, no question that the



THE OIL TANK.



BARRELING THE OIL.

sanitary result and the absence of offense would be much better secured by utilization than by cremation. I am well aware that other engineers who have investigated the subject disagree with me as to this.

They hold that the burning of rubbish and garbage together is the most economical and profitable way to treat the question. I do not agree with this opinion, and I know of no crematory put to such use in this country which is always free of offense. The fuel value of the rubbish collected is, of course, considerable, but it is not sufficient to obviate the necessity for buying other fuel for the cremation furnaces, and especially where the selling value of the rubbish can be developed, other fuel should certainly be used. The destruction of wet garbage, without any mixture of paper and rubbish, will always be found to be an expensive and difficult process.

Naturally great interest has been felt here in the use of the steam power pro-

duced by the cremation of refuse in the parish of Shoreditch, London, as described by Lord Kelvin. The idea suggests itself to many persons that corresponding results might be secured here by the incineration of garbage in a similar way. The cases are not at all parallel. In Shoreditch, all of the combustible wastes collected from the streets and houses are sent to the furnaces, the value as fuel being about one-tenth of that of an equal weight of coal. Here there is an entire separation between the garbage and the other materials collected. It would be necessary to purchase fuel, especially for the burning of the garbage, and a very large part of the heat produced thereby would be consumed in evaporating the water which the garbage contains. In addition to that, the return now secured by the contractors, in the form of grease and fertilizer, would be destroyed and wasted.

Our refuse, separately collected, is so treated as to afford a larger financial return to the city than it would be possible to secure by using it as fuel.



MRS. CLYDE.

BY JULIEN GORDON.

[Conclusion.]

XX.—Continued.

THE bishop had come to console; he would not stay to upbraid. He knew all Mrs. Clyde's weakness and understood it. He could comprehend earthly ambitions; he was a father. He appealed to that very weakness. He was as wily as a serpent, if innocuous as a dove.

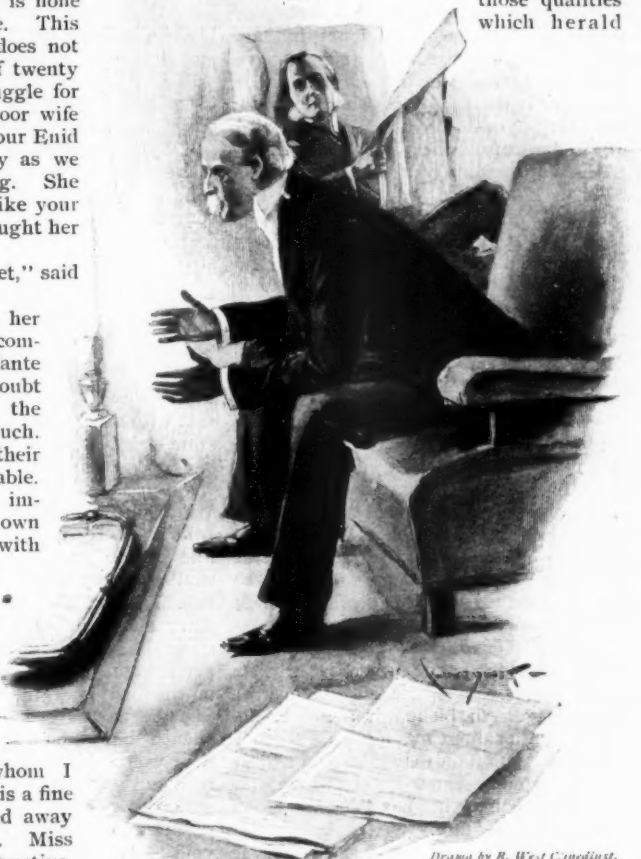
"Where is my reward?" said Mrs. Clyde.

"Ah, my dear lady," said the bishop, "there is none for parents—none. This vicarious sacrifice does not suit the energies of twenty—they want to struggle for themselves. My poor wife felt as you do when our Enid married, not wisely as we felt, and so young. She was not beautiful like your Pauline, but we thought her very sweet."

"She is very sweet," said Mrs. Clyde.

"She had been her mamma's constant companion and confidante—too much so. I doubt if we should keep the young with us so much. Companionship of their own age is preferable. We unconsciously imbue them with our own distrust of motive, with our dejections, disillusionings, cynicisms. You are making yourself much more wretched than you need. Pauline has been disobedient and we must condemn her. While Trefusis, whom I know well and who is a fine fellow, has been led away by his infatuation. Miss Pauline is very attractive. He is much enamored.

Now, you are so far-seeing and so intelligent, you must perceive that the very attributes you deplore in these young people are the ones which may carry them far. Their step—though rash—shows character. The girl who takes such initiative, runs such risks, is often the very one who will push her husband in the paths of fame and success; a man whose ardor gets the better of his judgment is sometimes possessed of those qualities which herald



Drawn by B. West C. modinst.

"MR. REMINGTON IS HUGGING THE FIRE."

genius. Genius, you know," he said smiling, "is a spirit out of bondage. It clips the wind. We, who have none, hug our chains and say it is insane; but no code of Theodosian or Justinian could ever bind it! You will live to see Pauline a splendid flower of our American civilization, her husband President of the United States! Believe me, it is a far healthier ambition than to build up the decadents of the Old World and be their tools, if not their dupes."

Mrs. Clyde dried her eyes and looked up at the wily bishop with the eagerness of one who longs to be convinced. She hated gloom.

"You do me good," she murmured.

"Ah, dear me! These hot impulses of youth are disquieting, no doubt, but are they not heaven-directed? It must have been old fellows like myself who made the laws insisting youth should revere age. It is youth we should revere, with all its beautiful beliefs and hopes which we have jeopardized or forfeited."

"You know him, you say?"

"Well. He was a class-mate of our Howard. He was the idol of the class, their avowed leader."

"It seems the mother was a niece of Abraham Adams, of Methuen. I know the family. I had rather a warm encounter with her—the mother, I mean." Mrs. Clyde laughed, raising her handkerchief to her mouth.

"She is a lady and a charming person. The father is a man of parts, of thought. The mother's people were always prominent in State and Church—legislators, clergymen, governors, men of refinement and education—admirable. While Trefusis is of good Welsh stock—with a crest," added the bishop smiling. Then these two laughed together in an *entente* which was Masonic.

"And my enemies all triumphing over me!" said Mrs. Clyde in her last protest. "All these wicked, wicked tongues set a-wagging. Ah, bishop, it seems to me more than a saint can support. When I think of it, I am outraged." And a fresh burst of anger seemed imminent as Mrs. Clyde threw back her head and the blood mounted to her face.

"Depend upon it, my dear madam, it is you who can give or deny them food for their *malveillance*. Nothing will give

them more content than to see a house as powerful as your own divided against itself. Remember where it is written that such an house must fall. Bless me! how uncommon is romance in this material day of ours! Try and think leniently of your erring Romeo and Juliet and call them back to you to be forgiven. Ah!" he added, rising, and becoming suddenly very grave, "love and forgiveness—love and forgiveness—there is nothing else—that is best."

Her head dropped for a moment upon her breast.

"God bless and comfort you, my daughter," said the bishop, just touching her forehead with his finger.

"Thank you," she murmured, inaudibly. A silence fell between them. By and by, "It *is* romantic," she said. "Pauline has spirit." She followed him to the door. "How does the orphanage get on?" she asked a little huskily.

"Well enough—well enough. We make the little dears as comfortable as we can, but we are always hard up, ready for contributions."

He waved his farewell from the veranda steps.

"I will send one," she called out after him.

She came back into the hall. "Romeo and Juliet!" She crossed into the library. She pushed a chair before her to the bookcase. She hoisted herself on the seat with some effort, for she was growing stout—ah, yes, here it was! She found her Shakespeares, all the volumes, "Merchant of Venice," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Timon of Athens," "Romeo and Juliet"—here it was! How her once fine mind was dwindling with her soul on empty husks, starved of real aliment! How many decades did it seem since she had read! How many years since she had thought! She came off her perch rather ponderously, and blowing on the dusty margin, opened at the page. She began to read. How should she silence her enemies? Romance? Yes, here was a loophole. The poor woman read and read and read, lost at last in the enthralling tale, rocked by the tragic poem of love, so dear to all youth—to all youth—ay, once to her own.

She was so absorbed that when the butler announced "The Princess d'Istria and

two other ladies, madam," she frowned at him, impatient of interruption. It was too late. They were already in the drawing-room. She carefully slipped a card to hold her page and went to greet her visitors.

A red sunset was bleeding in the sky, filling the room with crimson. Great roses made it sweet, dipping their long and leafy stems in crystal bowls. "Detail is costly, but effect is cheap," Mrs. Clyde had been wont to say when advising thrift to younger friends. In this apartment effect was paramount. Color, richness and warmth were produced with simple disposition of lights, flowers and draperies.

The Princess d'Istria had brought with her an English lady, whom Mrs. Clyde had known in Rome, where she resided. Boadicea, Duchess of Stavordale, was now visiting her friend, the princess, at her cottage on Bellevue Avenue. The third lady was Mrs. Dennison Fay Prentiss. Madame d'Istria was one of those women whose friendship savors a little too much of philanthropy, whose civility to her acquaintance carries some of the stiff condescension with which we approach the poor; but the glance which her deep eyes directed toward Mrs. Clyde was not one of commiseration. The duchess was a fat, gloomy person, who, one of her numerous daughters having eloped with a groom, was supposed to be unusually well fitted to sympathize with Mrs. Clyde's present dilemma. If this particular Queen of the Iceni had not been flogged like her namesake, she had nevertheless been chastened. Mrs. Prentiss' curiosity was piqued by a stinging desire to see how Mrs. Clyde would bear herself under this disappointment. She had never liked her.

"I should have called upon you before," said the princess, "but have been far from well."

"Your indisposition has not affected your beauty," said Gabriella, in her largest manner.

The conversation was led into impersonal channels, but the duchess and Mrs. Prentiss were thirsting for information and were not to be quenched with drops. They lost patience and rushed at the fountainhead.

"We have felt so much for you," ventured Mrs. Prentiss.

"When I saw that young man," said the duchess, "I remarked to Aurelia that I did not like his expression. Don't you remember, my dear? I said it was quite eerie."

"To whom do you allude?" asked Mrs. Clyde sharply.

"We knew you were greatly afflicted," said Mrs. Prentiss. "The duchess means young Trefusis, of course—who—"

"Oh, Lochinvar," said Mrs. Clyde, smiling. "Yes, he has carried off my baby, and I am a lonely enough old hen without her; but what will you have? We must revere these impulses of youth." (She repeated the bishop's words.) "I hear nothing but praises of him. His family is one of the first in the land—nothing better. He is full of talent, a rising man. We shall hear of him. Pauline was *entêtée*. I was blind. I should of course have been better pleased to see her one day Countess of Dearborn or Princess of Auersperg-Donnersmark, but if these gentlemen did not know how to win her, it is not my fault, is it? She fell in love. Romeo and Juliet, Romeo and Juliet!"

"I came to congratulate you," said Madame d'Istria, "on Pauline's narrow escape. I have tested princes." There was a silence. The princess continued. "I confess I have found the pardoning process in my own case to be difficult, but I would advise you to forgive Pauline."

"I shall not quarrel with my only child," said Mrs. Clyde, with some dignity. "My home is hers always. When they come back they will be received."

"And to say we came to weep with her!" said the ladies when they got themselves into their landau.

"Pauline is an undutiful minx," said the duchess, settling herself on the back seat. "I don't see, Aurelia, how you can admire her conduct. She was horribly spoiled when a little child in Rome. As for the young man, I do not like the look of him. He resembles Henry VIII. He must have been thinking of her money. I dare say he will murder her after he has got it." Which lurid presage seemed to give her grace a measure of satisfaction. "I consider her mamma far too lenient. When I had my trouble with our Arabella—"

"Our men aren't tuft-hunters or mercenary like Europeans," said Mrs. Pren-tiss a little spitefully. "Mr. Trefusis is quite good enough for the Clydes."

"She is a wonderful woman," murmured Aurelia d'Istria, "and I respect her."

"La!" said the duchess, who was disappointed at her ineffectual onslaught upon the ravisher.

"They won't crow over me this time," thought Gabriella, "and as for that silly-tongued old parrot, the duchess, who thinks she can patronize her betters, she had better look after her footman son-in-law and leave mine, who is a gentleman, to manage his own affairs."

She ordered her carriage and had herself conveyed to the cliffs. The weather had changed. The evening was falling dark and gusty. It weighed upon her spirit. The efforts she was making were telling upon her nerves. She felt that she could not brook to meet the staring cohorts of Bellevue Avenue; she craved an hour's physical activity. In certain dispositions of the mind, movement is as indispensable as solitude. She got out of her low victoria in one of the cross-roads which lead to the sea. She bade her men meet her farther on, naming the Heathcotes' villa, a half mile distant, near which they were to wait.

She was infinitely *triste*. Martine's defection, the lack of devotion among her other servitors, the too evident indifference of her friends, the gratification of her detractors, certain entanglements of her property—which was mismanaged, and her income thus embarrassed, if not jeopardized—came as so many insect stings to probe and fret above the one great ache.

She had brought no energy to her toilet; possibly for this reason, it was unusually becoming. She was dressed in closely fitting black, with a dark hat and veil. She looked slenderer than usual, more simple and more womanly. One would scarcely have recognized in this quiet figure the enraged virago of the Trefusis episode. The corners of her mouth drooped pathetically, as if appealing to some hidden tribunal for absolution from further pain. An unusually gentle mood was upon her—the restfulness of the irrevocable. She had heard

from Pauline; and had written to her, and had been surprised at her own lenity. She was tired of warfare—sick of it all. Such minutes were so rare with her as to be doubly strange. She was gripped, as it were, in the limitations of her own powers. She had been beaten and was almost anxious to lay down her arms.

The cliffs were deserted. Nay, not quite, for approaching her, walking slowly, the form of a man suddenly detached itself from the bushes and loomed before her on the narrow path. She hastily drew her veil across her lips, hoping it might not be an acquaintance. It seemed unlikely. Her world was never here at this late hour.

As the figure approached her in the dusk against the background of vague sky, she saw it was no Newporter, yet there was a certain familiarity in the gait. They drew close to each other. He stepped aside to let her pass him, raising his hand to his hat. Although he was dressed like other men, there was about him that unmistakable *tenué* which is acquired only through military discipline. Modern athletics do not bestow the impressive brevet. The tender brown mustache was now a bristling gray; the Endymion curls, cropped fiercely *en brosse*, had retreated from the low, broad brow; the delicate, insignificant features seemed to have acquired rugged outlines; the complexion had bronzed, while the shoulders had the breadth and assurance of the soldier's whose battles have all been victories. The deep breaths of success enlarge.

"Walter!" faltered Mrs. Clyde.

"Mrs. Clyde!"

XXI.

She regretted her strained relations with Martine which had prevented her from putting on her new cobalt bonnet. Her dark toque had been pinned by less artistic forethought. She raised her hand to settle it with the woman's rapid instinct of self-respect. A fitful wind had whirled her hair.

"It must be my voice that you remember," she said to him, as he turned and swung himself into her pace. "Surely you could never have recognized my face."

"I should have recognized it anywhere," he answered, gallantly, "even far from here, where I knew it possible."

"But you would not have looked me up?" she asked, reproachfully.

He shrugged away the imputation. "How could I tell it would not bore you?"

"Bore me to receive an old friend and a great general," she said, "whose honors are on every tongue?"

"I remember I used to bore you awfully," he replied, "in my callow days. But then I was only in the ranks."

She detected a tremor of irony in his voice.

"Ah!" she said, "I was too impatient."

"No, too wise."

Even at this great distance the wound had left some trace. He really cared, she thought.

"Deep characters like yours, General Perry, feel small hurts too much."

It seemed she had not quite thrown away the hero in her soul.

"You call it small?"

"If you believed me treacherous . . . Walter," she said, with unexplained emotion, "I have been punished—I am alone."

"Oh, I fancy never that," he replied, a little dryly; "always surrounded, always a sovereign, always the first."

She swallowed a sob from she knew not what spring.

"I am alone. My only child has just deserted me."

He grew grave immediately. "I had heard—something."

"You," she said abruptly, "how many have you? Children?"

"My boy is at West Point, my girls—two—are with their mother at the hotel."

"You are here for the review? to meet the president? My personal interests have been so paramount these last few days I have scarcely seen the newspapers."

"Yes. Then I return to my command."

"Life has treated you well, as you deserved."

"Do you believe in deserts?" he asked, looking at her narrowly; "in special interpositions of Providence? We have traveled far from those old times when doubt was imputed sin."

"Yes, certainly, I believe in retribution."

"Then why did not you get the small-pox and lose your beauty, like the little girls in French story-books, after you gave me the mitten so cruelly? The only retribution is the effect of our actions upon ourselves."

She pulled at her hat again. It was such a long time since words like these had brushed her ears! She laughed. "Time gives us all the small-pox," she said. "But really, it has only improved you. You look taller."

"A mere question of epaulets," he said, just touching his left shoulder with his cane.

"I want to see you wear them."

"Shall you come to the review at the fort? Will it be fashionable?"

"We will make it so," she said. He was a warrior at once disarmed.

"Dear me," he said, "that 'we,' Mrs. Clyde, has given me the heart-beat."

"Not fatal, I hope."

Their eyes met and read for a moment all the awe of destiny. They strolled along in silence, with only the solemnity of the sea between them.

"It is difficult to say," he finally murmured, "just how fatal remembrance may be. What to one is an obstacle, to another is a stepping-stone. You and I, Mrs. Clyde, are different only in this, you leap impedimenta, I painfully climb over them."

Mrs. Clyde was not sentimental. She was already deciding on what day to ask them to dine, and hoping the girls were tolerably nice-looking. Snobs are cowards. Mrs. Clyde was no such. She meant to give her hand to these newcomers. She was ready-witted enough now, in spite of social cogitations, to answer him in his own strain. She was also somewhat moved.

"Ah, leaping may make one breathless enough and tear one up sadly inwardly and outwardly. You have, at any rate, succeeded, while, to-day, I feel as if I had failed."

"I fervently hope," he said, "it is but a mood, for you were not born to be frustrated."

"And are you happy?"

He hesitated.

"What is happiness?"

"Oh, gratified ambitions," she said, promptly; "they alone give it. The affections torment."

"To me happiness seems a scope for the highest uses of our activity, for the development of our best aptitudes and talents. I found this, I suppose, when I embraced the military career, and therefore I am—happy."

"Then you agree with me that love —"

"Is torture? Yes, the selfish side of it. The wanting those we love to love us back again; to live the life we plan for them, not theirs; to minister to our pride, caprice and comfort. The love which knows no price, asks no reward, looks for no gratitude—that alone has dignity, that alone has value."

It was hard for her to soar, she had so clipped her wings; but the rudiments, it seems, are in us all—hers pushed for a moment to the light.

"I think I understand you," she said, quite softly. "That would be patriotism, philanthropy, religion; things that are noble and do not debase; things that for an instant uplift us out of ourselves, out of our squalor, to the stars."

He looked at her astonished. "When you left me, Gabriella, I had time to think of all these things long and bitterly. I knew I had but tried to cripple you, never to help you; I was all to my own aims and hopes. I was so young! I thought women were meant to further these. Dunham! What folly! I ought to have guessed you were made for the world. What an egotist, what a fool I was, viciously stupid."

"No, never that, and always generous." She began to feel somewhat exhausted, as people of the plain are wont to feel on mountain heights. She brought him back to lower latitudes.

"Here's my carriage. It is late. I will not ask you to come to me to-night; I will first call upon your wife and daughters. I may do so, *n'est ce pas?*" she said, simply.

"They will be charmed and honored." He lifted his hat.

The footman sprang to the box, the horses pranced to the coachman's teasing whip. Mrs. Clyde waved her parasol.

"Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears."

If he could moralize on the past and see where his mistakes had been, he could at the same time ask himself, were they mistakes? He did not much believe in the direct interposition of Providence. He lacked the complacency of the elect. "We should have crushed each other," he thought, a little sadly, as he wandered back through the darkness to his hotel. Yet, being a man of imagination, he did not belittle the romantic aspect of his meeting on the cliffs with his old love. Perhaps his vanity was just a trifle caressed by the reflection that he had been the first lover of a lady whose importance was acknowledged. If she did not seem to-day, as a woman, quite to account for the very real anguish she had once caused him, her celebrity as a public personage weighed in the balance of his appreciation. She had evidently been worth while. Few men can say this of their past illusions.

He soon had opportunity to gage her particular potency. She called upon the wife and daughters. Mrs. Perry, who was a Western woman of some fortune, was found to be a person of large skeleton with a mouthful of very fine white teeth. The daughters were equally well articulated, and their diction was as conspicuously adequate. They had the easy manner of the "army girl" joined to the veneer of the "best posts." The general explained Mrs. Clyde's kindnesses with the awkward tergiversations exploited by his sex in such predicaments. All men are prudent with their women; in other words, cowards. Mrs. Perry was not inclined to indiscreet probings. If such were practiced in the fastnesses of the connubial fortress they passed without much bloodshed. She was good-humored and did not mean to quarrel with the success of her girls' "outing." We inflame the sentiment we recognize. Was Mrs. Perry astute enough to have guessed this?

Mrs. Clyde made not only the review, but the Perrys, the mode. They had a "heavenly" two weeks of it, thanks to her benignant offices. If the brave soldier lingered once and again to express his gratitude in slightly overwarm accents under the palms of the rose boudoir, if Gabriella told him all her sorrows and gained that sympathy she so desired, and of which her newer friends were niggardly,

it is certain that the most prudish observer could have found no fault with the tenor of their *tête-à-têtes*. Mrs. Perry herself and the young ladies would indeed have had a jaundiced vision had they found ought to censure. She enjoyed the exhibition of her beneficence; she enjoyed—what woman would not?—the homage of one whose heart had once been wholly hers and still held the tender memory of northern natures. What was more to the purpose, her own mercurial mind was distracted from useless broodings. The Perrys were useful to her as she to them. She danced them through their fortnight, bade them God-speed, and rested, with the conviction that after all even a willful child could not quite poison the springs of strength.

XXII.

Five o'clock in a marble mansion, on a gay, sunny afternoon. Outside, the rumble of wheels, the oath of the "cabby," the scream of the flying nurse invoking the arm of the law to pilot her perambulator across the maze, the lazy pose of the girl in the big hat and the youth in the covert coat at the corner, the occasional "bus" heaving its hulk in portentous proximity to the swaying tea-cart with its "smart" occupants, or the low barouche with its freight of loveliness. Inside, low, large dim rooms opening on a hall bright with its lighted lamps where footmen stand and wait to admit the *habitués* across the threshold of the inner sanctuary. These are the *intime* apartments. The loftier drawing-rooms, the ball-rooms, are above. Mr. Remington, well preserved in spite of his seventy-five years, is hugging the fire, in front of which he extends frozen fingers, while Mr. Atherton, an earlier comer, a man fascinating to women, lounges in an arm-chair close to the grate.

They are discussing the literary movement of the hour. Mrs. Heathcote and Mrs. Jack Gresham are exchanging social impressions, sipping their tea on a dark sofa. The hostess, in walking dress and boots, is exhaling anxious whispers to a gentleman unknown to the other visitors and whom she has hurriedly designated upon his entrance as her "lawyer." He listens to her with bent head in rat at-

tention, but his rat-like eyes devour the detail of an establishment whose secrets he fain would fathom.

"You must admit he has great skill," says Atherton.

"Yes, I admit it, but I am sick of his niggings, tired of his processes, spent with his threshings."

"Are you still clinging to Victor Hugo?" said Atherton, with sarcastic laughter.

"I cling to the humanities. Yes, you are right. Romanticism! What is it? A matter of Fantine's hair and teeth? Is there any realism more awful than the mud of the tavern thrown in the creature's back? Eh?"

"Oh, those effects are so used, so hackneyed. In him"—he named a modern American novelist, penetratingly American in spite of or because he has chosen an English setting—"we have such delicate freshness—"

"Freshness! Bah! You call that freshness! Those *voulués* surprises! Those labored climaxes! Give me the thrill which has sent me to the street to pick up some poor devil of the gutter and get him on his legs again; the tonic which has made me turn sickened away from the gratification of an animal whim."

"In other words, Remington, you crave the moral. It's the everlasting story! Oh, I admit the Papa Hugos gave it to us, *ad nauseam*."

"I crave something more than the mere fret and exhilaration of the intellect. Art should appeal to the emotions; speak to the heart."

"At least, you must acknowledge, he has written no line that shall stir morbid instincts."

"Granted he has the vision of a spectated spinster, the morals of an English young ladies' governess. I bear him no grudge for this. But, in the name of heaven, what splendid action did he ever inspire? What tendency to crime did he ever arrest?"

"But such a master of style!"

"Yes, yes, no doubt; he is industrious, he has the trick, the nervous fluid of the word! No one fears it more than I do—the jugglery of the phrase! I was always its vassal, always its victim—the word's. It has ruined me. I don't minimize its

influence. As an eminent man of letters was saying the other day: 'One must feel that the lasting triumphs of mankind belong to the wielders of the written word; that it is by the shades and semitones of language that soul speaks across the centuries to soul; that it is by verbal contours and pigments wrought into shapes of loveliness and power that the heart is shaken and the mind subdued.'"

"Bravo! that is poetry."

"I have a good memory; the phrase stuck to it; it isn't my own. He writes good English, our Sainte-Beuve! Do you read his editorials? They are full of fire. You see he thinks with me that the word is a missionary, a means, not an end."

"Come, come, who doesn't? Our friend across the seas has himself lately uttered a note of pain. I felt my eyes film. There seemed some hope for him even with you." Mr. Atherton laughed again. "I consider his characterizations admirable. They are delicate types. He is a stenciler."

"Well, I'll concede that one of his stories, one of the last, even though the people were phantoms and the hero was a seraph—are seraphs male or female, by the way? I never could discover—did manage to distress me. There was a despairing cry somewhere hidden in it, a tear drowned. I never respected the fellow half so well."

"And he is never coarse, like ——." He named a contemporary Englishman whose audacity alarmed.

"Coarse! Why, life is coarse. You can't be squeamish and portray it. You realists, Atherton, are the most inconsequent creatures. You shriek for the truth and when they give it to you make wry faces."

The ladies in their twilight angle were talking *chiffons*.

"I have just come from Madame Donovan's. What taste she has! Her models are most original."

"I was there yesterday. It was quite a reception; a crowd."

"I told her to put away that yellow and silver for you. It has just your *chic*."

They turned to gossip.

"Do people really talk of Bianca Light with Lord Sylvester?" Mrs. Heathcote asked.

"Her mother does." Both ladies laughed.

"And is Pauline's husband really to run for Congress?"

"So *she* says." Mrs. Gresham's chin indicated the lady of the house. "You can fancy she's enchanted, even promises to provide the cash. That's the hardest. She's growing very parsimonious with the years."

"Who's that rodent with her now? He looks very nasty!"

"How should I know? They flock here, these vermin. They imagine cheese. One can't tell whether she is sincere with them or only posing to astonish them."

"They are certainly sufficiently astonished."

"One thing is quite certain, they won't get paid, they won't get their cheese. This keeps one easy for her, poor dear!"

"What should we do without her?"

"Oh, my dear, we should do very well. We are all ungrateful. Society is cruel as the grave. It misses nobody."

"It has been wonderful, her sway."

"Yes. Eighteen years ago, when Pauline trotted off, do you remember how the women cackled? Those bloodless insect ones who sting because they are anemic, who need blood and so suck other people's. It was Pauline, only Pauline, who allured. Everyone would desert now. Her house would become a desert. She would nevermore be the desired guest. She would, at best, retain a *succès d'estime* for half a year."

"Yes, and nothing of the kind happened at all, it seems. That was before my day."

"It wasn't Pauline, it was—herself. She went right on, and people came flocking to her, and she moved here to this charming house. Yet, lately, do you know, I have imagined her power was waning a little."

"Yes, I have noticed it. She is crowded out by the new people."

"Think of it. That is what she used to be called, new!" They laughed.

"Pauline's marriage is very happy, is it not?"

"Yes, absolutely so, I believe. She has two exquisite children; her husband is able, successful. She looks well, very handsome, more rosy than in her girlhood.

They hardly ever come to town, they live at their place all the year. Mrs. Clyde says she cannot drag them down for a fortnight's gayety. Pauline hates it."

"How odd, and such a belle as she was!"

"Her heart was never in it. She was romantic."

"Mrs. Clyde's daughter!"

"She had a father."

"Old Clyde? Was he romantic?"

"Perhaps; I never knew him."

"He did not look it; I saw him once when I was a child. But here come the ambassadors."

The German and Belgian ministers were announced. "Ah! here you all are! Cushions" — the Prussian stumbled over one—"flowers, tea, ladies and Monsieur Remington." Greetings were exchanged. Mrs. Clyde brusquely dismissed her *homme d'affaires*, who sidled out with a crab-like bow to right and left.

At his club that night, over his kidney stew and whisky and water, he could brag to his contentment of his footing and familiarity with Mrs. Clyde and her female friends. He had taken tea with her that very afternoon. As the alcohol warmed his veins he expatiated on the charms of Mrs. Heathcote and Mrs. Gresham, and the agreeable manners of the diplomatic corps. His friends listened, more incredulous than awed. Such as believed him had themselves, in guise of interviewers or informants, penetrated into the atmosphere of that august presence and they had come forth sadder men. In fact, one newspaper reporter forcing himself at an unbidden moment, had met such voluble rebuff, such opprobrious epithet, such reckless expletive, that the sense of obloquy made him peculiarly hilarious over his comrade's brighter fortune.

"I say, Johnny," he kept repeating, "the old lady's got a mash on you, that's certain. I never was one of her little pets. How do you do it, eh, old man? Give us a tip. We want to play with the quality, too."

Yes, she had held her own. But these women, were they right? Was it slipping from her now, that wand so feverishly coveted, so tightly grasped? Was it insecure? Were the hands weakening

just a little? Was there a moment's atony? a loosening of the clutch? It hardly seemed so this afternoon. It was a very energetic step with which she moved to the mirror after her guest's departure, and a stout voice in which she reprimanded the servant's carelessness for dropping coal upon the carpet. When the malefactor had retreated—his compunction seemed perfunctory—she did a peculiar thing. She examined herself critically in the glass—not herself, but her front teeth. She touched one to find that it moved slightly. Mrs. Clyde was not a vain woman. In fact, it was the complaint of a rising generation of dainty self-worshippers that her toilet was somewhat slighted to meet the exigencies of her busy days; that she hurried the preparations in which they dawdled so many hours. There were other things they found to blame. The presence, for instance, of the "rats," who, if not introduced, were nevertheless obnoxious in drawing-rooms where one wished to talk freely and not be recorded. She was not vain, and she was now an elderly woman, less than ever engaged in thought of personal conquest and growing careless as to personal adornment. There was one beauty, however, which the devastating processes of time in the gradual fading of complexion and thinning of hair had respected. She had retained her pretty teeth. It was with a peculiar start of apprehension she recognized an impending calamity, for such it seemed to her. "A front one, too," she said aloud. "How dreadful! It must be the dentist's fault; I must go there and see if anything can be done to save it. Those horrid tea-biscuits would loosen nails out of one's shoes." The simile was not pertinent or happy, but its felicity was of no moment in the revelations of her melancholy investigation. Her hands felt cold, her heart heavy at the prospect of this new battle with time which she knew was already lost and whose waging is deemed by the onlooker absurd or tragical according to his nature or his mood. "I once heard of a woman all of whose teeth loosened and fell from the gums at thirty," she thought with a shudder. "I have kept mine so much longer, I suppose I ought to be grateful." But somehow it hurt her, and all that evening at a dinner

party the necessitated prudence of the dilemma left its sting of torment.

"Mrs. Philetus was not in good form," said the hostess, crossly, to her husband afterward. They were a youthful, modest pair who had somewhat advertised the important matron to help on their entertainment. "She was dull and sleepy; I am sorry I asked her. She is generally such good fun."

"I did not notice anything wrong."

"Oh, my dear, you never notice anything. You are too busy saying to the women the one thing that I wish you would not."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that there is a form of suffering Dante left out of his Purgatory, that is listening to one's husband—if he happens to be that kind—putting one down hopelessly into the category of dowdies by his admissions of one's makeshifts, and his explanations that it is only when one has company that one dines at eight and has pudding."

"You must be crazy."

"A form of insanity, my dear, shared by a good many wives, I imagine."

"I can't understand."

"Why did you tell Mrs. Clyde that I made my gown myself out of one of mamma's and that I got up every morning at seven to wash the baby?"

"Why, I wanted her to know what a clever little puss you were."

"I detest you!" said the young woman, bursting into tears. "There's no use, I simply can't bear it. I hoped," she sobbed, "they would never find out the butler was hired, and I heard you saying so to that horrid, smirking Mrs. Mount-Cuthbert—"

"Why, my darling, he smelled so of onions I thought it better to disclaim him as our own."

"Couldn't they find that out without your attracting attention to it?"

Mrs. Clyde was forgotten in a moist embrace in which the penitent blatantly abjured every vestige of his self-respect.

When Mrs. Clyde returned from this feast at which she had left such consternation, she found a young gentleman smoking a cigar in her library. It was her nephew, Dunham Crane. He was the son of that Ringletta of distant days who was still alive, still on the Merrimac, and

the mother of many children. This was her youngest. Mr. Dunham had died; Mary, the maiden sister, lived at the homestead. Gabriella went there more and more infrequently, and to her nephews and nieces she was little more than a name.

Picking up a newspaper one morning she had been struck with the portrait of a youth upon its first page, and in other papers she found the same limning—the fatal pictorial epidemic had set in. On this particular morning he seemed to be everywhere, and there was his name too, in large type, with several columns dwelling upon him in encomiums mixed with measurements of chest and thigh, weight, width and girth, with a word thrown in about bloody beef and weak tea diet. It dawned upon her that she was the insignificant aunt of a far-famed celebrity. It was now only a running match, but there were reminiscences, unobserved by her at the time, of the sporting columns of the last year. He was growing, it seemed. There had been boat races, a tennis triumph. Here was a hero indeed! She skipped the details, they always tired her, and asked the errant knight of her afternoon tea hour confusing questions. She was answered with surprise. Why! didn't she know the full measure of this youth's renown? He was the finest "pitcher" in the country; had done a phenomenal series in the international championship at Toronto; he was immense! And to think that she had pitied them, these Cranes of Dunham; wondered how to help them, and so, wondering, had ignored them! And all the time they were developing, learning how to walk alone, to leap, to fly, to wrestle, to endure. Wonderful inheritance of a common ancestry!

"Dear little fellow," she said to her friends, "I am going to send for him. He is just out of college, with honors, I am told, for he is something more than an athlete." A girl who was present thought the "more" superfluous. "It is but right that he should have a New York frolic. Please, Mr. Atherton, put him up at the Knickerbocker, and you, Mr. Remington, at the Union. I am going to ask the women to be nice to him. I'll give a dance next Thursday."

"Why, we're just standing about to

see him arrive," said Mr. Atherton. "There will be a procession and lanterns, I am sure of it. All we ask is to beat the drums."

"Depend upon it, he can toddle alone," said Mr. Remington. "The future belongs to girth and brawn."

"And how they despise us," sighed Atherton, "we who are fast becoming the irksome minority."

"Clever people bore stupid ones much more than stupid ones the clever," said Mrs. Heathcote, who had dropped in to leave a bunch of roses for Mrs. Clyde from the glass houses of her *ferme ornée*.

"In other words," said Atherton, "we get out of people and things only that with which we supply them."

It is an uneventful life in which the records of childhood are closely prized. They grow musty on the shelves where brighter volumes of later data are stored. Yet Gabriella remarked with interest the likeness of her nephew to the fair sister who had been the companion of her girlhood and it recalled a vivid past.

"Bless me," she greeted him, "how you have grown! It seems but yesterday that you were an infant. So like Ringletta, too; the same hair. And how are

they all at dear Dunham? Is your aunt Mary nicely, and your mother? Did you know my son-in-law would run for Congress? We are all agog about it. Your cousin Pauline and my grandbabies are up the Hudson. I gave her a place there. You must go and see her. She will be delighted."

As she disencumbered herself of her

wraps, and advanced under the lamps with the patronizing words, she wondered if he was awed by her *entourage*. She examined him from head to heel, the champion! He was a spare young gentleman of medium height and indefinite coloring, pale, with a pair of trenchant blue eyes, thin straight lips and an expression of great intelligence.

He was dressed neatly but without elegance—there was some lack

about the collar and necktie. Mrs. Clyde saw at once that it would need all his prestige of sport and hers of the *salon* to make him popular in her circle. Then, as she turned him over thus in her eye and her judgment, she became aware that she, too, was an object to him of the keenest curiosity; that he was weighing her also in some invisible scale, holding her in his hands, as it were, and



Drawn by B. West Cheadle.

"TWO DARK, GLEAMING, TERRIBLE EYES MET HIS OWN."

lifting her this way and that at his pleasure. An unexplained impulse led her to hoist back to her fat, very bare shoulders the half-discarded draperies of her warm opera cloak. Her fingers were laden with rings; her manicure was suing her for the care of her nails. These jeweled, mortgaged hands raised her fan before her bosom, with a helpless gesture at once protesting and apologetic. She remembered to have had the same sensation sometimes when Pauline questioned her motives and impulses with inept, exasperating insistence. As her nephew investigated the minutest detail of her apparel she recognized the same mysterious smile upon his lips as on her child's. An uneasy impression fell upon her that instead of his being confounded, as she had expected, with her magnificence, he gazed at it with the ignorant eye of his provincial Yankee intolerance.

"My! aren't you superb!" he said to her. "I knew what to expect, I was prepared, but I am rattled!"

She found no word to answer, but continued to hug her cloak and stare at him, confused, humiliated, she knew not wherefore.

XXIII.

He had seen her huddling up a church aisle at Dunham on one or two occasions with the heavy pall of a family funeral over her, and had been the recipient of a muffled black-crape kiss. This was the first time he really had met the lady face to face in the full regalia of her splendors. Unlike the reverent shepherd of Midian, he did not take his shoes from off his feet. Reverence was not Dunham Crane's conspicuous characteristic. He was something of an iconoclast.

The next morning she had recuperated and, after several mornings—she was old-fashioned enough to appear at the early breakfast—over their tea and chocolate, at nine o'clock, they became fairly good friends. The free hand with which he emptied the entire cream jug on his hominy and the avidity with which his teeth planted themselves in her best sudatory peaches, proved a generous mind as well as a promising digestion. In his evening clothes he was found to meet the requisitions of convention, and the fact that he danced admirably commended him to the

younger set. Absolutely virtuous in his relations with the other sex, Dunham Crane thought girls created to dance, married women to keep the pot boiling. With a keen respect for feminine intellect and a praiseworthy belief in women's innocence, the allurements of their youth as the helplessness of their age awoke in him not one thrill of gallantry, not one spark of devotion. Chivalric instincts were as unknown to him as unlawful desires. He was sufficient unto himself. Not vain, he had no wish to please. With but mediocre artistic appreciation, he was left cold by beauty. He was, however, honest, straightforward, conscientious, cheery, unaffected, making light of his prowess and of the notoriety which turns older and more solid heads.

Was it then some hostility of two nervous organizations which made Mrs. Clyde feel herself at disadvantage when in his company? It was difficult to explain, but sometimes, as she watched him consuming her viands, drinking her coffee, smoking her cigarettes, she asked herself why his presence in her house brought to her a certain unrest. An odd dissatisfaction possessed her, so potent indeed that her sentences became involved and ungrammatical when she addressed him, her tongue gave unexpected twists to her simplest meanings, which were coarsened or cheapened without her own volition. Had she encountered in this stripling an individuality stronger than her own? Why was it that in the midst of her luxury and her puissance she sometimes felt herself, under the ray of his chilly eye, only a grotesque old person, unwieldy and ridiculous? This impression deepened one day at the luncheon hour into catastrophe.

"What kind of a hat is that?" her nephew asked abruptly, holding his fork half-way to his mouth. He had, certainly, the New England faculty of making himself disagreeable. Mrs. Clyde flushed.

"It is a creation of Rebout's, just unpacked last evening. Do you not like—magenta?"

"It is too flamboyant," he replied, filling his mouth with steak; "it sticks up too much. You'd be mobbed if you wore it in Boston."

"Thank God I live in New York," ejaculated Mrs. Clyde, with some heat,

"where people are too much occupied to mob ladies and their bonnets in the streets."

"Whew!" said Dunham Crane.

Then, feeling he must be taught a lesson, she added, with spirit, "You are very young, my dear, and have a great many things to learn, one of which is that when you don't like a woman's dress you can keep your opinion to yourself."

"I beg your pardon," he said, good-naturedly. "I did not mean to offend you, Aunt Gabriella." But there was a twinkle in his regard that angered her.

"Because the women of Dunham put on bombazine and caps at thirty, it is no reason why women of a higher civilization should imitate them," she said, gaining some of her old courage, which somehow lately had been in eclipse. "In Europe it is women of my age who rule society." As she spoke she bit with violence into a piece of crust. Something snapped. She thought her head had fallen in her plate. One must be sound for vehemence. With her handkerchief to her lip she beat a hasty exit. She did not appear for two or three days, canceled her engagements, pleaded illness. Yet she emerged wrapped in dark veils at dusk and was driven in secret to her dentist's.

"It must be your careless work," she said to him, in her altered utterance.

He mounted her to the plush throne, adjusting his glasses. He was a jocular person and a philosopher, as suited his grim calling.

"Oh, it isn't my work," he said, examining; "come, don't be unjust."

"Well? What?"

"It is anno domini," he answered, laughing.

Her sense of humor rose to meet his in a smile of singular vacuity. "I look so queer," she said.

"It is part of the programme, part of the program: ee," said the dentist, with brutal kindliness.

"Oh, my God! how horrible!"

"Pshaw! We will fix you up in a jiffy. Nobody will be the wiser. You have kept along so much better than most of them. Why, the lady who has just left here, a young woman——"

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Clyde, writhing. "I had rather not know."

It changed her very little after all. Only her daughter worried over it and one or two intimate friends remarked it, so skillfully can modern artifice repair such mishap.

In these days people began to complain that she was less exclusive; that one met people at her house who were at least "doubtful;" that she accepted invitations which were not even this but positively objectionable; that the varnish on her carriage was deplorably cracked and her men-servants were shabby; that she was becoming stingy, the first herald of age. The loudest to denounce these new vagaries of one from whom was slipping something so hardly relinquished, was a young woman of rare beauty and brilliant position whom Mrs. Clyde had rescued from a comparative seclusion where reverses of fortune had plunged her family. She had loudly voiced the girl's loveliness and her claims to recognition. Had dressed, housed, carried her about; had kept her for months at Newport, for weeks in town, had taken her to Europe, and finally had married her to the first *parti* in the land, almost in the world. The exchequer of Archer Orvis, if not equal to the czar's, was greater than the Queen of England's, added to which substantial advantages he was young and had good looks, sense, health and temper, was well born, well bred and ardently enamored. The chorus started by this young belle was quickly swelled by those who but a few short years before would gladly have been the beneficiaries of Mrs. Clyde's wide hospitality, but to whom the hazard of fortune had brought new privileges of criticism and detraction.

Like all persons reputed wealthy and frequently named in daily journals, Mrs. Clyde was the recipient of a mail freighted with quaint in consequence. Offers of marriage, advertisements of business ventures, recommendations of patent medicines, cosmetics and hair dyes, mingled with cries of famine, appeals to power and influence, autograph quests and the religious crank's invective. Rarely worthy of notice or reply, the pile was nevertheless invariably examined. To the beggars, in spite of her reputed parsimony, she did not always turn deaf ears. One morning a child's scrawl arrested her attention. Misspelled,

ingenuous in its faith, stumbling in its foolishness, it implored "rich" Mrs. Clyde to send *immediately* a velocipede to Peoria, Illinois, to Gabriella Funk. "All the girls in my class have 'em," it read, "but pa's to pur to give i to me O ma'am please you'r so rich sen me i & i'le pay bak if ever i get rich like you." There was upon the poor little scrawl an unmistakable stamp of genuineness. An hour later Mrs. Clyde, touched—by the name, perhaps—somewhere in her lonely spirit—was on her way to Maiden Lane. "They are better and cheaper there; the uptown men are robbers." She bought and expressed the toy. She also stood about in the damp and wet her feet.

In the evening there was to be a banquet in honor of a Russian grand duke at the house of a lady who many years before had given Mrs. Clyde a kick in the dressing-room of a mutual friend. It may be said that she had not kicked her since, and the two were reputed allies. But we seldom adore those upon whom we have heaped indignity and who later surpass us, and it is safe to conjecture that, at any rate, the kicker's affection was tepid. She exemplified its measure to-night by giving, very improperly, the seat of honor at her table between the host and the royal *invité*, not to Mrs. Clyde, who as the eldest person present and the best known was qualified to occupy it, but to the slender girl she had befriended. Radiantly beautiful, mourning a father-in-law in black satin and diamond coronet, patrician, indolent, disdainful, the spoiled child of destiny slipped as if it were a right into the place assigned her, while Mrs. Clyde, astonished, apparently overlooked—there was some mistake, it seemed, of willful malice or negligent forgetfulness, about her seat—brought up the rear as best she could on the arm of an unknown broker who had been torn from his obscurity at the eleventh hour to fill a void. The evening was raw with the portent of snow. She had arrived late. She felt cold. Between her and the royal guest there towered a mass of flowers. Quite at the foot of the table, with an insignificant member of the grand duke's suite at her left who spoke no tongue coherently except his own, she had time to indulge in such reflections as

the interminable feast permitted. Now and then she caught a sight of her whilom protégée, who accorded her, after a blind survey devoid of recognition, a supercilious nod snatched from more profitable pastime.

It is Dante, I believe, who plunges ingratitude in the lowest hell. Here it holds high revel. None escapes slights, when all is said, and their degree lies in the thickness of the surface through which the torturing instrument is thrust. Mrs. Philetus Clyde was a stalwart warrior whose skin was tanned by long exposure, nevertheless to-night the limit had been reached of her endurance. Probably she was already ill and the resentment and the pain that rose to stifle her was but the premonition of physical overthrow. The bitter thoughts that welled within her were indescribable. She tried in vain to combat them, not to give these cruel women a chance to gloat at her discomfiture, not to be made a subject of their raillery and jests. But by and by her heart-beats seemed to cease, she gasped and put out one hand. In the general gayety no one observed that she swayed from side to side until an exclamation from the broker drew the attention of the Russian secretary. Between them they assisted her to the drawing-room. The hostess did not leave her seat. She ordered that a maid be sent to Mrs. Clyde, who pleaded faintness; she also ordered a window opened lest his royal highness should suffer discomfort. The room was overwarm. Mrs. Orvis raised a languid eyelash and laughed in the duke's eyes. "She is one of our eccentrics," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Perhaps she did it to attract attention."

The disturbing element adroitly swept away with the untouched wine, the plate and chair, the broker and the Slav drew across the gap. The ripple of talk for an instant suspended flowed on unruffled. All trace of a discordant presence was effaced before the rumbling of the convenient cab had died; for a cab was got and she was put into it. A footman amiably prepared to jump to the box—Mrs. Clyde's own carriage had not returned—but she insisted that she felt better and declined the servant's offer. She considerably thought he might be

missed on such a night; the distance was not great. The grand duke continued to absorb his dinner with composure. He had not caught the name of the large lady who had vanished. He was rather bored. He preferred an entirely different society, which was more animated. Nature, he thought, made the woman; society the lady. He preferred the former. He was sick of shams. The propitiatory grace of the child at his side said little to his senses; of imagination he had none. It may be as well that princes and kings are generally vulgar souls—their responsibilities would kill the sensitive.

The cab lumbered up the avenue. An icy draft pierced through the loose panes. A light snow had fallen. It lay in heaps where the wind had whisked it. In other spots the asphalt was quite black, mirror-like, and once or twice the shambling horse shied at his own reflection. The flakes had crystallized against the lamps, making them look like mystic moons lost in gray space. The driver breathed on his palms, blowing out from his lungs wreaths of bluish vapor. When he pulled up with a jerk at Mrs. Clyde's door he sat still on his perch for a few moments, then he began to doze, with one of those sudden torpors common to men who sit all day in the open air. He did not know if he had slept, he did not know how long he had sat there; no one disturbed him, no one stirred inside. By and by he shook himself, surprised, and tumbling from the box peered in at the window. It was open. Two dark, gleaming, terrible eyes met his own dazed ones. She tried to speak to him. He saw she could not, that something was amiss with her.

"God Almighty save us," he exclaimed, "but the poor lady has had a stroke!"

He floundered up the steps and rang the bell several times. It reverberated loudly through the silent house. The drowsy "second man," thinking it was a beggar—this was their hour—turned over in Mrs. Clyde's favorite armchair before her library fire and took another nap. The butler roused him with an oath, threatening to tell on him. When they got her into the hall at last, before they could undress her, she sank to the floor. The servants—mostly new ones—were greatly frightened. They fell over one

another, uselessly declamatory. The women screamed aloud. On the whole, however, they found it interesting and piquant. Cabby's bloated disk protruded from the doorway claiming his fare. He was pressed into the service and sent to the doctor's with the promise of ample rewards. A gentleman friend, Mr. Remington, was thought to be in town, and the housekeeper sent him a note addressed to the club where she fancied that he dined. But he did not come. He was not there or at his rooms, where the club steward dispatched the messenger. A telegram was indited to Mrs. Trefusis. At midnight an answer came from the Hudson River station that Mr. and Mrs. Trefusis were in California. Then the housekeeper and the maids all remembered that Mrs. Clyde had told them so. A former nurse of Pauline's, who lived in Varick Street, was summoned. At four o'clock of the morning she arrived. The physicians were in attendance. They had found the helpless heap which had been dragged to the study sofa still dressed out in its jewels and velvets. They brought some calm and some common sense. And now Mrs. Clyde was already in her bed. With the loosening of her garments voice had come back to her, breathless, labored, but still audible. There was no stroke; it was something of the heart and lungs with acute complications of congestion. The old nurse from Varick Street brought a measure of affection to her task of watcher.

"Poor dear," she said, soothingly, as she patted the pillows. "Poor dear, and not a chick to tell her sorrows to." For Mrs. Clyde raved at the ingratitude of the world, raved, moaned and tossed and fretted. Her arraignments of Mrs. Orvis hurtled against sharp inquiries as to the condition of her affairs. She incoherently cried out wild accusations against a community disposed to treacherous practices. The nurse insisted there was a friend in Boston who should be sent for, a Mrs. Devereux. By the fortunate aid of a retentive memory she recalled her address. The next morning Mr. Remington was installed in the library to receive visitors. A few inquisitive women looked in and asked foolish questions. In the afternoon Mrs. Devereux came. She wired to Dunham. Miss Mary was ill with a

fever, Mrs. Crane and her son had just sailed for Bermuda, Lydian could not leave a daughter on the eve of a dangerous accouchement. Pauline's nurse met the new-comer at the door.

"I sent for the bishop," she said to her. "He is absent, but there is a young clergyman in the parlor, only she won't see him."

"Have him sent away!" Mrs. Clyde was persisting, in hoarse entreaty, as Clara entered.

"Who is it?" she said, as Mrs. Devereux crossed the threshold. "Take him away. He wants to talk to me of my immortal soul. I don't want immortality, I want peace."

"Gella," said Mrs. Devereux, bending over her.

At the old pet name so rarely heard now, Mrs. Clyde started. A change came over her features, a smile for a moment illumined them.

"Who spoke?" she said in a low voice, as one who, lost, in the night listens to some echo in the world. "Ringletta? is that you?"

"No, it is Coy."

"What Coy? Coy Train?"

"No, dear, your old friend Coy, her mother, Clara Devereux."

"When did you come?"

"I have just arrived."

"You are very kind, kinder than the people here. Tell them to give you the blue room. Those servants do nothing. You must be made comfortable. They'll all get dismissed as soon as I am up."

"Ah, Gella, we have known each other so many, many years."

"Years and years," said the sick woman, "years and years and years."

Mrs. Devereux began to cry, softly, on the hand she clasped between her own.

Slowly, slowly, a tear crept from under the dry orb of Mrs. Clyde's eyelid. Falling, it mingled with those of her friend. She pulled her down close and whispered, as she so held her, in her ear:

"That silly boy came in here to promise me that if I repented of my sins I'd have an eternity of joy. I don't want it. I don't want him. I might have been willing to see the bishop; he understands me; he is a man of the world. I don't know if my sins have been blacker than those of the people who have eaten my

dinners and reviled them; who caressed me with one hand while the other was in my pocket; who fleeced and bled me and now flout me. I have given a good deal, I know, and I have got mighty small returns. They have called me mean because I made my economies, saved for Pauline and her little children. They are nice children—have you seen them? She would marry a poor man. I over-educated her—speaking dead languages and playing on the piano, harp or dudelsack isn't going to make a girl marry well. She was too accomplished for noodles like Beaumains. I beg your pardon. I forgot he's your son-in-law. Mine is clever. His politics are ruinous, but I will see them through it. I like him. He's got go in him. He must win. We must win. But, between you and me, Coy, I have had enough of it. I don't want any more. If I thought I'd have to live forever I would not repent to get heaven. Why can't they let me alone? I'm tired to death. Don't they see it? So *tired*."

Tired! She had said it—voiced that inextinguishable fatigue which waits upon the feet of life. Who does not know that hour of discouragement when promise palls and fulfillment exhausts? Who has not felt the peace of the last ritual, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"? Who has not turned from immortality to long for oblivion? The enfolding darkness! Good-night! Good-night! Welcome, kind sleep, too deep for tears!

Somewhat shocked at this exhibition of spiritual indigence, Mrs. Devereux shrank at a problem too profound for her simple faith. She contented herself with purring forth a word about the love of Christ.

"His love?" said the sick woman. "I'm sure it can't be like that of his creatures—a poor thing enough. I am as God made me, a useless enough bundle of goods just now. I guess he knows his handiwork and my needs without my bothering him and wasting my breath—it's short enough. He has got his hands full. Why should I chatter with that foolish lad who came in here to persuade me I was in danger of perdition and to tell me nonsense I was brought up on, and knew all about before he was born?"

The priest was put off with the excuse of needed repose.

"I am very glad you have come," said the physician, intercepting Mrs. Devereux as she crossed the hall. "She seems so alone. I will now leave her in your charge until her daughter can arrive, with the nurses and my assistant, whom you will find in the study at the head of the stairs."

Mrs. Devereux went to the study. The assistant was sitting at Mrs. Clyde's desk writing a prescription. He was a young man with a sharp, clear-cut profile and a frowning, intent brow.

"Do I disturb you?" she asked.

"I have done," he replied, rising.

"Is she very ill?"

"Yes, she is very ill."

"Have you long been her physician?"

"My chief has. I never saw her before."

"You had heard of her, of course."

Mrs. Devereux smiled as she seated herself.

The butler had brought her a cup of tea and she stopped to drink it.

"No, none, thanks," said the doctor, declining the domestic's proffer.

"She is a remarkable woman," she continued.

"Ah? How so?" asked the physician.

"Why, in every way. Her career has been wonderful, exceptional."

"I don't have much time for social notes. We don't read them in the hospitals," he replied.

"No, I suppose not. But Mrs. Clyde was more than a mere butterfly"—she corrected the past tense—"she is a very brilliant woman. Her house has been the resort of distinguished people."

"They seem to have left her pretty well to herself—the distinguished people! I have not met with a lonelier death-bed."

"Do you think her in such danger?"

"I said death-bed because," he went on, "she was in danger."

"And now do you think she'll pull through?"

"We have hope of it. She has rallied marvelously. The action of the heart is almost normal."

"Do you despise people of her type?" said Mrs. Devereux, boldly, looking at him.

"What! People who do—er—this sort of thing?" he said, glancing up at the rich hangings, the pictures and the bric-

a-brac upon the walls and tables, and at the cards and invitations which strewed the escritoire.

"Yes, who have her ambitions and the genius to forward them."

He looked narrowly at the worn, gentle face of his interlocutor. "I think there are more important things."

"What are they?" said Mrs. Devereux. "Are all our earthly hopes and schemes and attainments then futile, useless? You, for instance, what are you working for night and day? Granted you wish to alleviate suffering—a noble aspiration—shall you forego the rewards of fame?" She was amazed at her own temerity.

"Oh, don't rank me too high," he said with a caustic laugh. "I am working for money, nothing else. Just to keep the wolf from the door that my mother and sisters may not starve. I long ago gave up all dreams of distinction. As for helping humanity, it is past help."

"Why, then," she said, "are you so hard on others whose aims may be equally and only differently material? Mrs. Clyde has given a great deal of pleasure to others. There are temptations in a life like hers."

"Was I hard? I beg your pardon. I suppose the fight for bread takes sentimentality out of us and spoils our manners. I judge nobody, least of all this lady. I was curious to see her, as you surmise: I had heard of her. She looks like a gladiator. I am not impugning her refinement; there were women gladiators, you know, as well as knights and senators. No doubt the qualities of the *retiararii* and *secutores*"—he was near his classics—"are useful in her arena."

"She was a gladiator worthy of her hire," said Mrs. Devereux, smiling sadly.

"She took the prizes."

"One would not think so to look at her. It is an unhappy face. One wonders if they were worth her while—the prizes."

"Ah, all are the same! They vary in name only; all, at least, which have the stain of earth upon them."

"I will not give her the *pollicem versus*. I think I can say the end is not yet. She will recover this time. She is very strong."

"She was always strong," said Mrs. Devereux.

THE SELECTION OF ONE'S LIFE-WORK.

I.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION OR BUSINESS.

BY E. BENJ. ANDREWS.

THE selection of the field in which one's life-work is to be done is a momentous act. A wise choice in the matter is in itself a fortune; an error in it can hardly ever be recalled, and nearly always involves losses and pain for which no good fortune afterward can make amends. In about every community one meets victims of ill guidance in this all-important matter; men who, at the critical point in the journey of life, took the wrong road. Some of them succumb quickly and die. Others wander aimlessly and hopelessly about, hardly attempting to advance. Many another bravely struggles on, only to find, when all his strength is wasted, that the path is too rough, crooked or long for him, or that it traverses country which he is constitutionally unable to love. Is it not inexpressibly sad that thousands of human lives should be rendered useless and unhappy in these ways? Cannot something be done to abate the evil?

At first glance it is surprising that comparatively little has been written on a subject so important. The explanation probably is that the choice of a life-rôle constitutes in each instance a highly personal affair, in which it seems folly for any but the man himself to take part. And, certainly, the choice must finally be made by each for himself. Outside advice or hints, the best saws of sages or philosophers, can never, in this weighty business, take the place of our own insight, discretion and will.

Yet few solve the problem of a life-calling wholly without counsel. Consciously or otherwise we are, in our decision, helped by what we know of others' decisions. Reflections on the subject by students of human nature seeking to ascertain the causes of success and of failure in life, greatly aid many. It is believed that helpful direction of this kind may be extended further than it has yet been. There may also usefully be given some account of the special advantages and disadvantages of each several profession or calling, the rewards and amenities to be hoped for in it and the

temptations, hardships and other infelicities which its devotees must brave. The present paper merely introduces the discussion of these topics, on which other writers, specialists, will enlarge.

Certain favored spirits are never under the necessity of choosing their path in life. Most geniuses are such. They are foreordained to this or that mission and somehow become aware of it in good time. From his earliest boyhood Robert E. Lee, like young Hannibal of old, felt called to the profession of arms. Before he was ten Thorwaldsen carved beautifully in wood, excelling his father, whose trade it was, and evoking from many observant ones the prophecy that the lad would make a great sculptor. Probably no artist ever becomes famous who is not moved in the direction of his destiny quite early. And many a man neither a genius nor an artist is so obviously fitted for some particular occupation that he need never worry or even deliberate over the question in what field he shall earn his bread. All these cases, however, are exceptional; the majority of human beings are not so fortunate.

A man may be far from sure what business he ought to adopt, yet really have a pronounced aptitude in some special direction. In such a case the proper precept is: Follow your bent. If the subject possesses various species of ability but is peculiarly brilliant in some one, this his main forte is the thing to give him his cue. Highly versatile people, mentally alert, interested in all the departments of science and of fact, and having considerable but nearly equal powers in various ways, are in much danger of vacillation between two or more forms of endeavor, dawdling awhile over each, till all their richness of faculty is spent and success impossible. The man preaches, we will say, till some reverse overtakes him in that work. Cast down, and aware that he can teach, instead of redoubling his efforts to succeed in the activity first chosen, he throws it up and crosses over, a beginner, to the school-room. Sooner or later he becomes dis-

couraged here as well. Having once yielded to depression he probably falls prey to it again, now exchanging the school for the law-office. How many potentially invaluable lives are wasted in such fatal meandering!

Your dull fellow, lacking all special mental interest and without any sense of function or of power, may quite possibly turn out much better than that. If, somehow, he once gets launched in a given enterprise, being single-minded and free from distraction, he is likely to develop triumphant concentration of attention and energy. But how is he to make the start? Perhaps arbitrarily, by a sort of flop, lunging for the first opportunity to work. Splendid results often wait upon such a choice. Better, however, go by friends' advice. President Francis Wayland used strongly to insist that a man's friends are often if not always better judges of his qualification for a given career than the man himself. Only, when he puts his hand to the craft picked out for him—this, too, formed part of Wayland's philosophy—he must determine to succeed and hence work like a demon. Interest in the undertaking, even devotion, will then come.

Still more important is the judgment of acquaintances when a candidate inclines to a profession through some whim and not from any kind of rational consideration. A pious lad may fancy that he is called to holy orders, when the church or the bishop knows better. It often sorely taxes wit to break up a reasonless preconception like this, the victim, dominated by his one idea, being incorrigible; but friendship cannot possibly be better employed. Once in many cases the notion of duty for which no reason can be assigned seems to prove justified, the subject, when he has become successful, turning back to laugh at those who would have brought him to a different mind. It is true, notwithstanding, that a man can rarely with safety give himself to a course of life unless his fitness therefor rests upon specific qualities and powers of his so obvious that his intimates easily recognize them.

Not seldom a victim of delusion in respect to his calling has been beguiled by doting parents. They devoutly wished their son to be, say, a minister; and

therefore took it for granted, teaching him to do the same, that this was his appointed destiny. Parents can commit no greater indiscretion than that, nor can a child be subjected to a deeper unkindness. Among the bitterest disillusionments which the writer has ever witnessed were those of young men who, trained all through the ardor of boyhood to suppose as a matter of both filial and religious duty that they were to become ministers, yet, possessing no taste or aptitude for that, at last, broken-hearted, saw their error, heroically renounced ministerial study and struck into other paths. So painful a rupture of family and personal expectations requires immense courage, carrying with it correspondingly great danger of mean compromise. Youth should never needlessly be forced into so fiery a trial.

If there are some who deem themselves suited to a calling when they are not, a much larger number foolishly dread suggested callings out of a belief that they could not succeed in them. I am no speaker, a man says: I cannot make either the law or the ministry my orbit. But you have vocal organs, and they can be cultivated. You may also possess all the necessary logical powers. Perhaps all you lack is training, information and hard work. The majority of men have greater versatility than they imagine. Within pretty large limits any fairly bright candidate can succeed reasonably well in any occupation to which he gives himself with sufficient preparation and energy. It cannot be too often or vehemently urged that in these days of desperate competition any man, a genius even, however perfectly adapted to his branch of activity, will fail unless he starts with a good outfit and then works hard early and late. On the other hand, in our era of specialization, every profession has a number of facets. It may be true that you would fail as a pleader, but you might succeed splendidly as counsel, and perhaps rise to be a judge. You might successfully argue civil cases yet find it well to avoid criminal cases. One clergyman does best as a preacher; another, not a star in the pulpit, accomplishes vast good as a pastor. Nearly every profession is thus cut up, making place for diverse tastes and talents.

Besides objections to the different spheres of professional enterprise based on fear of personal unfitness, numerous scruples connect themselves with the nature or circumstances of the callings themselves. To these we now attend. The observations offered are in each case simply suggestive, not exhaustive, indicating the scope and method of the inquiry, and leaving to writers of subsequent articles the larger and more special arguments constituting the case *in extenso* for and against each several profession.

In proceeding with this provisional and illustrative study, let us consider, first, the office of the religious teacher. Despite all the modifications which this office has undergone, it is still a most influential one, and is certain to continue so.

No doubt theology has greatly changed and is rapidly changing. Sacred books, once treated wholly as oracles, are more and more regarded as literature. Inspiration is ascribed to their spirit, not to their text. Actual faith is less and less based on philological or historical arguments. The great rubrics of the creeds are in process of rewriting, old language being altered considerably and old emphasis much more. Church and synagogue are not venerated as in former years. Not only do skeptics and infidels ignore them, but the same is done by an increasing company among believers, on the ground that both institutions have renounced their pristine ideals, forgetting the poor and lowly. Nor does it yet appear where the revolution thus hinted at is to end.

For all this, it would be folly to expect, as some seem to do, that the function of organized religion will be set aside. Religion is an integral element of human nature; you cannot annul it. Moreover, its normal working is social, producing a community, which must have organizers, teachers and leaders. Let the form, profession, creed and specific aims of ecclesiastical society change as they will, the society itself must remain, with most of its historic power; officers for it will be in demand; and their influence will continue immense. Newspapers and books can never supplant oral speech; nor will the desultory orator upon sacred topics ever take the place of the stated preacher, who knows the people personally and sympathizes with their needs. Private pas-

toral counsel, too, no less than public religious instruction and admonition, can be counted upon as among society's permanent resources for improvement.

A young man meditating entrance upon the sacred office may, therefore, be sure that if he does well in it, he will never lack occupation or influence. The vocation, besides, possesses many elements of attractiveness. Incessant converse with the highest truths is a rare privilege, which religious teachers almost alone can enjoy. This, as well as the entire nature of their work, tends to evoke in sincere men of the cloth a certain beautiful refinement and spirituality of mind which few others can attain. Their manner of life moves them to self-denial, charity and kindness, helping them to rate worldly fortune as not the highest good. Clergymen, even the busiest, get opportunity for reading beyond most others, and in consequence the clergy probably average to be better informed than any other profession. Also, no other furnishes so large a proportion of good speakers.

Clerical work, of course, has certain in-felicities, although several of these which are often and preëminently mentioned, are much less forbidding than is commonly supposed.

As reported, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale recently remarked: "Young men come to me asking what vocation they shall choose, and when I suggest the ministry they throw up their hands in dismay and respond that they cannot lead a life in which they are compelled to follow to the letter the dictates of another."

Such youth evidently judge that to secure ordination, or retention in the ministry after ordination, they must slavishly follow some creed. Formerly, and indeed not very long ago, there was reason for this solicitude even in the more enlightened communions; but the danger is rapidly lessening, being now rare, local and ready to disappear. Religious people appraising a leader think much less of his creed than formerly, much more of his spirit and character. If they find him sensible, serious, thoughtful, eager to do men good, they are usually not unwilling to let him speculate and preach as he pleases, even if he should vent a good deal of what they deem heresy.

Much is made of the fact that congre-

gations sometimes dismiss their ministers on mere caprice, and that clergymen over fifty are less in demand than younger and less able competitors. That cases of such injustice and folly occur no observer can doubt; but we believe them relatively rare. Often the fault is emphatically not in the congregation but in the incumbent or candidate, who has remitted zeal and become selfish and unprogressive; no fit example, leader or instructor. Suffering parishes do not publish their griefs so readily as displaced clergymen do.

We here face one of the real infelicities of the holy calling, the temptation which it offers to be indolent. In no other sphere of life is one so destitute as here of effective spur to hard and incessant toil. So far as the employment of his time is concerned, the clergyman is his own master. If he will, he can rise late and idle away the best hours nearly every day. He can gad about, attend parties, lounge at his club or sleep, with little fear that any parishioner will take him to task in time to do him any good. Many fall victims to this seduction, postponing work to pastime and contracting habits of idleness, at length losing all power of application and being deservedly cast aside for better men.

Another extremely real temptation besetting clergymen is that to insincerity, arising from the routine character of their ministrations. The very business which engages them being of a sacred nature, they come to consider their performance of it as of necessity proper in temper. But it need not be so. Good habits are highly dangerous to morality, more so than aught else save bad habits. Liturgical acts executed in a careless spirit cannot but result in hollow character.

More than any other servant of the public a pastor of a church is in peril from what we may term "coddling." If he is popular, and often when he is not so, many praise every utterance of his as "eloquent," "scholarly," "most edifying" or as noteworthy in some other aspect. Elderly ladies are a clergyman's worst enemies in this. Their habit of greeting him after each service with those stupidly laudatory estimates of his effort is not all. Foolishly tender inquiries about his health follow. He seems to them to look pale and to need rest. Will

he not please be good to himself, remit his arduous spiritual labors for a few days and go recuperate at yonder retreat? Some fear that this will not suffice; the reverend gentleman must take a tour in Europe. They raise the money for this purpose, and bundle the sturdy victim off upon the next Liverpool steamer. How often is not a clergyman's self-respect undermined in ways like these! Worse influence upon his character could hardly be imagined, unless it were being sent abroad at the expense of some one rich parishioner. Every offer of such a personal donation let the minister resolutely decline, unless he wishes terribly to impair his moral sensibility and his power to bless men. If it never thus mortgaged itself to Dives in the pew, the pulpit would have little reason to dread the danger of speaking out against social wrongs.

We hope it is made clear in the above that the clerical calling, if entered upon and pursued in the right spirit, is a useful and honorable one, and that more of those who possess the necessary qualifications for it ought to be encouraged to adopt it.

The lawyer like the clergyman is to continue with us, a necessary factor in social administration. The notion which seems to prevail that lawyers' work is unnecessary, is untenable. Activity in the legal line is, in some form or other, indispensable. Civilization renders society complex. The complexity early becomes so dense that those not bred to the mystery, of course the great majority, are unable to understand the relations which society has come to hold toward its members or those which the members hold one toward another. Much legislation and legal procedure, many practices of judges and of lawyers, are certainly most wry and not at all necessary, and we may look for improvement in this respect; but law practice itself will not pass away. Moreover, the net result of lawyers' work is advantageous. With all their faults, lawyers probably settle out of court more cases than they litigate.

Prejudice against lawyers is very general and strong. Many believe that lawyers always act insincerely. Many consider every lawyer a liar, taking it to be the lawyer's express aim in pleading

Church!

cases to try and make the worse appear the better reason. This misapprehension perhaps arises from the fact that even the most reputable attorneys are known at times to defend persons and cases secretly believed by them to be unworthy. Superficially this habit seems indefensible, and people naturally conclude that if the best attorneys are guilty of it the entire profession deserves ill repute.

But is it true that a bad case at law should not be defended, and that the lawyer championing such should in all instances be blamed? It is not true.

Perhaps one in a thousand real criminals would secure fair treatment if undefended; but the vast majority, were there no friendly scrutiny of the evidence against them, were they left to be dealt with, free from all check, by the average jury or judge, liable to prejudice, passion or both, would inevitably receive sentences undeservedly severe. And taking a great many cases together, it is probably best that the guilty man's counsel should not only plead all palliating circumstances, but should go further and place the client in the most favorable light which can be thrown upon him. If in this way justice is sometimes foiled, it almost certainly gains on the whole.

There is, however, a practice somewhat analogous to that of defending criminals which we believe to be illegitimate, deserving of reprobation, and to this practice is largely due the popular harsh estimate of the legal profession. A wealthy corporation, let us suppose, wishes to carry through some scheme which is disadvantageous to the community. It retains as counsel for this purpose some legal gentleman who is eminent as a citizen. The gentleman permits himself to "appear" on behalf of the corporation, well knowing that what it is hoped to secure through him is not the exhibition of his client's case in the best producible color (which would be proper and right), but the influence, on that side, of his personality as a citizen. Often the counsel "appears" and that is all; he does not utter a word. Although analogous to legitimate advocacy, no doubt an outgrowth from that and owing to that its life, this habit is not legitimate advocacy. It is a form of bartering one's name for money, a huckstering transaction in

which the attorney treats his reputation as a commodity.

Clearly lawyers, like clergymen, have their special temptations. If the priest may become hollow-hearted in his way, the man of law may crawl to the same level by a path all his own. He comes in contact with men's meaner side. He is often rasped by clients, snubbed by the court, insulted by opposing counsel. At times he is as good as obliged to play a part, to seem to wish what he does not and not to wish what he actually does wish. Hypocrites may certainly result from this masquerade; yet they are no necessary product of it. Upon reflection it does not appear that a devotee of the law need find it on the whole at all harder to maintain a solid and upright character than a man in any other walk.

If now and then one calls doctors quacks, betraying a prejudice against medical men similar to that felt against lawyers, the sentiment in this case is certainly less general and powerful than in the other. Medicine nearly all deem a noble calling. The trained physician is a benefactor to the community; in the alleviation of men's immediate and most conscious ills, his work is beneficent beyond any other human mission. No other class of public servants, not even clergymen, exhibit greater unselfishness or perform a larger amount of unpaid service.

Disinclination to enter the medical profession is usually based on other objections. Many dislike a physician's life as involving constant contact with what is morbid, with disease, wounds and death.

Certain young men of a fine mental type are repelled from the profession because of its alleged unscientific character. Such ought to specialize in surgery; for this, now that anesthesia and asepsis are both in the field, is a science indeed, whose progress in recent years is nothing less than astounding, as delectable to the scientific sense as it is benign in view of the maladies which it heals.

It is hardly just any longer to speak of medicine itself as not scientific, if by medicine is meant the sum total of present knowledge on the subject. Confessedly the science of medicine to-day is far in advance of the practice. Right here, in fact, one would think, earnest youth might find a powerful motive for becom-

ing physicians. By thorough preparation in the first place, followed by tact and persistence in practice, patients and their friends may be brought to submit to rational procedure in disease, letting it supplant those time-honored but pernicious methods to which such hordes now yearly succumb. Another consideration favoring choice of the medical profession ought to be found in the magnificent opportunity offered every practitioner to-day to substitute the prevention of disease, through inculcation of hygiene and sanitation, for the work of trying to remedy disease when it supervenes.

No one would object to entrance upon the teacher's mission on the ground of its not being useful or worthy. It is one of the distinctly and unequivocally honorable callings. Every grade of it from the highest down to the lowest offers opportunity for invaluable helpfulness to the public and to the race.

This vocation also, however, has its drawbacks. Teachers' remuneration is as a rule low in comparison with their exertions. The highest salaries which instructors of youth receive are far beneath those common among lawyers, physicians and business men. If you become a pedagogue you resign expectation of acquiring wealth, unless from some source outside your occupation. Another and a much unhappier circumstance attending this line of life is its liability to make its devotee a recluse, out of touch with the active, earnest affairs of men. Unless on his guard, he becomes dried-up, crusty, misanthropic. This danger at first seems unaccountable, owing to the teacher's privilege of constantly standing face to face with children and youth, who are wide awake, ardent and buoyant. But while he indeed confronts these, he can hardly mingle with them very much. The fact that the teacher is forever talking down, addressing those who know less than he, and never his equals, inclines him to pedantry also, the characteristic vice of the profession.

Journalism is the profession which one least likes to recommend a young man to undertake. Being approached for advice, you always hope that the applicant, if he tries newspaper work, will rise above the position of a mere drudge-reporter, while you can rarely if ever be sure that he will

climb high enough to be independent. The business of gathering news is respectable and very useful, and there is no reason why one engaged in it should not perfectly maintain his honor. The same is true of editorial or high-class journalistic writing, in which one is permitted to speak his mind. But between these two sorts of journalistic functionaries there is a third most unenviable type. We refer to the writers who, to retain their situations, must every now and then defend doings and policies which they abhor. In every occupation a subordination often painfully near to humiliation will at times be found necessary till you show yourself a master in the business and mount toward the top. But such servitude is believed to be nowhere else so complete as in the phase of journalism just referred to.

Drawing upon paragraphs in the writer's little book, "Wealth and Moral Law," we next enter a plea in favor of "business" in the usual sense—the winning, or the effort to win, wealth. The existence of wealth is morally legitimate. Whatever is needful to the life and weal of man has a right to be. Wealth is certainly such. It is simply humanity's stock in trade, men's tools and machinery wherewith to get their living. Without a vast supply of such instrumentalities the very existence of our race in its present extent would be impossible. Comfort, culture, civilization, would be still further out of the question. So long as all must use each moment of time and ounce of strength in fighting hunger, savagery is the inevitable lot.

Wealth is necessary not as an evil but as a good. Confessedly, it is often hoarded with an evil intent, and often put to wrong uses; but we should be foolish to stigmatize it as an evil on this account. No one calls machinery an evil because of its friction, although, so far as man's present knowledge extends, the friction is inevitable. The ills attending wealth are much more likely than those of machinery to be some day eliminated.

The wealth, however large, of one man does not necessarily involve the poverty of any other man. It is a great error to suppose that the wealth of the world, or of any community, is a fixed, limited sum, like the shares in a bank, so that if

you should get a dollar more than you now have, I must put up with a dollar less than I now have. There are indeed cases where one's gain involves another's loss: where, that is, a man's gain is got through open or occult, legal or illegal robbery. But wealth can increase, increase to any sum, without this or any injustice.

Hence—whatever may at some future time be the case—as things are, it is no sin to get rich. This is not the same as saying that wealth is legitimate, because vast wealth might be present without a single rich man—precisely what socialists wish and expect. Should their régime ever be launched and work as they predict, private riches would be wrong. But, prevailing our present individualistic system, which, mark, no one and no group of us can change at will, the private massing and holding of wealth not only does not necessarily involve aught of injury to anyone, but may, and perhaps in most cases does, benefit all concerned.

It is often said that one cannot with any assurance of success engage in business as now pushed without resorting to immoral and dishonorable practices. Painfully much as such a statement has to go upon, it is too sweeping. Fraud and underhandedness are doubtless common in most businesses; yet we can see, looking in any direction, respectable competencies built up no dollar of which is anywise tainted. Without too great strain upon charity, we may suppose that many vicious business methods are resorted to out of ignorance, and will be disused when they are understood. And there is reason to hope that business men's consciences as well as their minds are receiving light. This is largely due to the fact that so many men of determined integrity have pursued business careers without ever descending from the plane of honor.

If there is a profession which more safely than any other can be recommended as peculiarly enticing in itself, vastly and directly useful to mankind and not as yet overcrowded, it is engineering in its various phases and branches—civil, chemical, mechanical, electrical, mining, sanitary, hydraulic. Engineers' work, the subjection of man's material environment to man's service, is only well begun. It must and will go on, and it will go far very soon. Probably no man living has

more than the faintest foregleam of the development which even the next fifty years have in store for this feature of our civilization. The force working here will have to be vastly enlarged. Only, be it observed, numbers are here as elsewhere of much less consequence than quality. If thorough preparation for one's profession is always important, as is certainly true, it is specially vital to success in engineering, where so much depends on exact knowledge—where mathematics and acquaintance with physical laws figure so conspicuously. Besides being in a high degree both useful and intellectual, engineering is a form of activity in which, if you are thoroughly qualified for it and unremittingly industrious, excellent remuneration may be expected, and that without resort to doubtful devices.

At the risk of offending some readers and surprising more, we venture, lastly, to speak of politics as in itself a highly desirable profession. Good citizens who are so situated that they can compete for public office ought to be encouraged to do so. No more useful career is possible in this age than is presented by politics conscientiously prepared for and pursued. The common thought that it is mean to seek office or to accept an office unless it has sought the man, is wholly perverse. We need that hosts of thoroughly able and moral young men, well trained in political and social science, including ethics, should set politics before themselves as their life-work. Do not sneer at professional politics if only it is of the right kind. Politics ought to be a profession. Rightly followed, it would be a noble one.

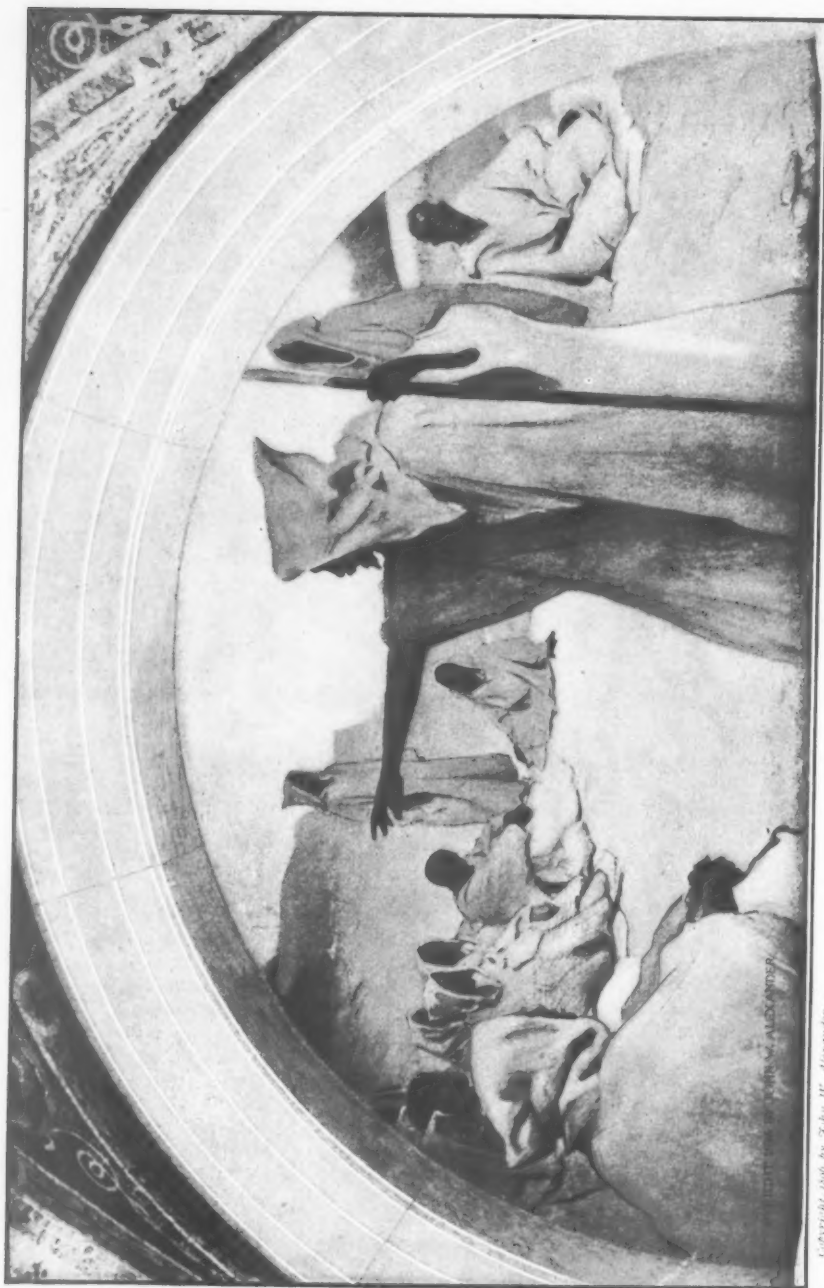
To be a public servant after this fashion would require extraordinary grace. To succeed, one must religiously cultivate the hard side of his nature, nerve to face wicked men, kindly to endure lies, libels, and the whole contradiction of the public's enemies against him, to give blows as well as take them. Where are the men who will covet political careers with this spirit, preparing for, and if possible, entering public life with a determination to make it purer and more efficient, not waiting to be asked and urged to do this, but seeking places of trust, competing with selfish schemers for chances to exert great power in the capital affairs of men?



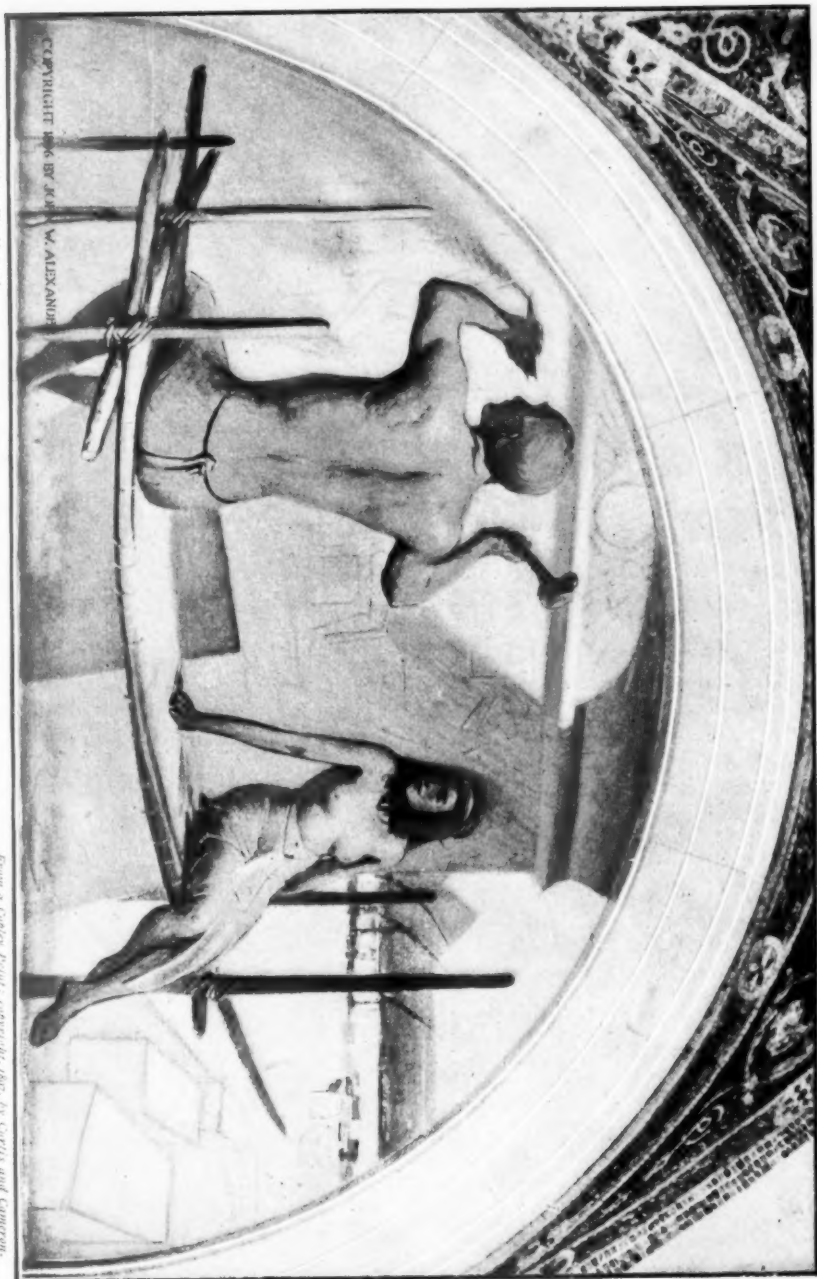
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an almost hopeless one. There were not enough surgeons to do even the amputations which were immediate in their requirements. Telegrams had been sent over the country calling for physicians and nurses; but the transportation required could not be forthcoming before tomorrow, as all night long it would be necessary to hurry forward reinforcements and ammunition. The war department ordered the surgeon-general to fit up one thousand cars for hospital service.

Meanwhile the troops generously gave up such tents as were within the fortifications and these were pitched in groups over the field of battle. Removal of the wounded was for the present impossible, and doubtless this new way of bringing the hospitals to the wounded, instead of the wounded to the hospitals, saved many lives. After the contest should have been fought to a finish, it would then be time enough to begin the shipment of those who could be moved to their homes or to the hospitals of the towns and cities.

General Miles had more important questions pending than the care of the wounded. Undoubtedly he had won that day a great victory. But it was not complete. The Allied Forces still numbered nearly two hundred thousand available men. It had to be borne in mind that they were the very pick of the world's military, thoroughly equipped, thoroughly officered, long disciplined and with an esprit du corps that was the result of careful nursing from the days of the fighting Frederick. Within his intrenchments General Miles felt perfectly safe; but having gained a material victory during the day, he was now confronted by the question what should be the conduct of future operations. Should he risk a night attack? Was there a probability that the German army would essay a night attack? Should he calmly await a second assault from the Germans, fearing to hazard the tremendous issues at stake by himself assuming the defensive? His numbers were now largely in excess of those of the enemy, but with every disadvantage as to organization, and many troops improperly equipped.

It was nearly midnight before the division and corps commanders were able to get away from the details which required their attention after the battle, and as-

semble at headquarters. General Miles himself fully understood that the relative positions were now reversed. Whereas in the morning it had been the policy of the Germans to attack before additional reinforcements could be brought forward, they must now, in all probability, assume the defensive. Delay would mean added strength. Both Spain and England would very likely hurry forward formidable armies.

Unless attack were immediate, the Germans would doubtless throw up intrenchments behind which they could post their formidable artillery and against which courage would be almost hopeless. Then they could wait in security for the arrival of the Spanish and English forces and their own reinforcements.

Probably no more critical situation ever confronted a commanding officer. On the one side was the certainty that a great victory had been gained and that he could rest secure behind his intrenchments with laurels. On the other hand was the probability that by a single determined stroke the Germans could be defeated and the war ended. In a few words Miles placed the situation before his associates.

The difference of opinion was great, the sides apparently being equally divided. For more than two hours the debate continued. Finally the discussion was closed by the announcement that, since the opinions entertained were so widely at variance, the General Commanding would himself take the responsibility of moving on the enemy at daylight, giving as his reason that, encouraged by the events of the day, his troops would fight with the highest determination and valor, and that it was better to risk a large loss now than the prolongation of the war, with conflicts perhaps bloodier still to come.

The council quickly broke up, and there were brief conferences between the commanding officer and his division commanders. The method of attack was quickly arranged, being largely decided by the position of the various army corps with reference to the retreating enemy, and all returned to their commands to arrange the immediate details for the morrow's work, and perhaps, if possible, find a couple of hours' sleep before daybreak. Fortunately, on the nights which had preceded the battle both officers and

men had taken great care to secure long and refreshing sleep, so that all were in good physical condition to withstand the loss of a single night's rest and give forth their best exertions on the following day.

While General Miles and his officers were in consultation within the intrenchments, another conference of even greater importance was taking place on board the English flagship. The English admiral, his chief captains, the general commanding the German forces, together with his division commanders, were gathered to decide upon a plan of action. There was a thorough appreciation of the immense destruction which had been

be brought together, equipment would be impossible, the organization confused and movements would be so inextricably mixed that the force could not be operated as a unit. Nor had they calculated upon the celerity with which a vast fortification, covering miles in extent and more perfect for defensive purposes than if constructed of stone, had been thrown up; nor upon the ease with which even unorganized men could, when equipped with modern arms, hold their position behind such intrenchments—the staff work, the brigade evolutions and even regimental and company orders being reduced to a minimum by this occupation.



Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

"REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED WAS FOR THE PRESENT IMPOSSIBLE."

wrought during the fight, and of their now greatly weakened condition.

The day's events had been a complete surprise to nearly all the leading officers. Thoroughly familiar with the condition of the American forces at the beginning of the month, they had not believed it possible that one-half, or even one-third, of the men and equipment, actually at the front, could be brought together within a time much in excess of the days which had elapsed. They had confidently relied upon landing and reaching Boston without any opposition worthy of the name. They had, with equal confidence, believed that even if the requisite number of men could

If there were differences of opinion in the American council as to the course to be pursued on the following day, the officers of the allied army and fleet were even more at variance as to the action to be taken. Early in the evening, after the fighting had ceased, lines for intrenchment had been mapped out and the entire army was then at work throwing up earthworks. Whether this should be used as a defensive position on the following morning, and the initiative left to the Americans, or whether the entire force should concentrate its efforts on the weakest point of the enemy's position, was under discussion when a message

was brought to the English admiral saying that signals had been exchanged with a German cruiser steaming at full head up the St. Lawrence and bearing important dispatches. Within the half hour the new arrival had dropped its anchor near the admiral's battleship, when a boat put off and an officer shortly placed in the hands of the German commander a packet from the emperor.

To go back for a minute to the condition of affairs in Germany: No sooner had the sailing of the fleet become public than serious disturbances were threatened within the empire itself. News came from France that that government was losing control of its people and in all probability it would be forced to take a position strongly inimical to peace with Germany. Two days later the situation was even more menacing. The emperor was obliged to recognize that he would almost certainly be forced into a war with France, and that every available soldier would be needed on his frontiers, to say nothing of possible internal dissensions. Reluctantly conceding the danger, he dispatched two of his fastest steamers to overtake the fleet, with the expectation that they would reach the St. Lawrence in time to stop the vessels in their progress up the river and order their return. Unfortunately, they encountered an American cruiser home bound from the Mediterranean. One steamer was sunk, and the other escaped with such injury to its machinery as delayed its passage.

No sooner was the new situation thoroughly understood, than orders were issued for a hurried embarkation of the troops. The plan of fortification was changed to cover a much smaller area. Two hundred of the largest guns were to be placed in position and ten thousand troops were to be left to cover the escape of the fleet. The various brigades were brought within easy reaching distance of the point of embarkation. Work was pushed with the utmost vigor; steamer after steamer received its complement of troops and dropped with the tide down the St. Lawrence. As far as possible, lights were kept extinguished, every possible effort being made to deceive the enemy as to the movement in progress.

So well had the German pickets been thrown out that no intimation of what

was going on reached the American quarters till nearly daylight, when a French Canadian, making a long detour, succeeded in crossing the river. Brought to headquarters, he told what he had seen of the embarkation of the German troops. The news was so surprising as to seem doubtful.

It was then half-past six o'clock. By half-past seven the forward movement had begun, and shortly before nine the artillery was placed and ready to open on the intrenchments behind which the German troops stood on the defensive.

By this hour, all of the German regiments, except those detailed to man the guns, were on the shore ready to step into the boats. Such English cruisers and battleships as were in condition to fight had taken position where they could bring their guns to aid those of the fieldworks.

If the Emperor William could have foreseen the condition of affairs under which his peremptory orders would be received, undoubtedly he would not have countenanced a retreat that would be so disastrous to the fame of his army. But the turn which events had taken was of an almost inconceivable character. It had been only reasonable to suppose that even if the Allied Forces should have landed, no decisive engagement could have taken place; or, if there had been an engagement, it could only have been one of a satisfactory character. At most, the Americans, with their little standing army of twenty thousand men, and the members of the scattered National Guard, might rally a hundred and fifty thousand raw recruits. Nothing that could be worthy of the name of army could be opposed to the most powerful military engine which the world had ever beheld. A reverse was an unimaginable thing.

But the kaiser did not count upon, for he could not understand, the spirit which pervades the American Union. The Americans themselves had never conceived how much they might do, with their intelligence and energy, when the supreme hour should arrive.

As for the general commanding the Allied Forces, there were his orders—imperative for immediate return. Nothing remained but to get on board and move off under fire. To do this, at least ten thousand men, several hundred gatlings

and two hundred of the heaviest and most valuable pieces of artillery must be left behind. For a brief moment there had been hesitation. But the Emperor William was not a man to be disobeyed.

While it was yet early dawn, a small military balloon had been sent up from the American position; the signal officer in charge reported a newly constructed line of intrenchment, flanked by battleships. The greater part of the fleet of transports was being moved off down the St. Lawrence—whether to get out of range, or in retreat, it was difficult to say. This had confirmed the report brought by the Canadian, and made the necessity for immediate attack more urgent. But the situation was by no means a clear one. The intrenchments which had sprung up in the night were formidable, as General Miles well knew. The moving off of the transports might be a ruse.

The scenes of the previous day were now to be reversed, but there were no bombproof quarters within the German lines, such as had protected the Americans on the first day. The artillery fire was fierce and productive of destruction

within. Guns were dismantled and caissons blown up. But upon the American side the loss was immensely greater. Whenever the dynamite guns appeared in the open field they were invariably the targets for repeating or rapid-fire guns, and their ammunition was exploded before it could be used; but when able to take position behind any natural barrier, they did terrific work. Four of these guns were pushed forward into position behind a rocky parapet near the water. When their tubes were carefully trained on the nearest battleship, less than a mile away, the simultaneous fire resulted in dropping two out of the four shells directly over the vessel. One of these terrible projectiles went down a smokestack and exploded in the boiler-room. The wreck was complete. The vessel went to the bottom so quickly that only the few who happened to be on the outer deck or could escape through a porthole, were saved.

Before the dynamite battery could fire a second discharge, the rapid-fire guns of a cruiser were turned on its location and the entire battery was blown into the air by the discharge of its own ammunition.



Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

"GENERAL MILES PLACED THE SITUATION BEFORE HIS ASSOCIATES."

If General Miles had been in possession of full knowledge concerning the situation, he might easily have made a feint sufficient to keep the enemy on the alert, and subsequently have received the surrender of men and guns without the loss of a life. But war is a game that is ever played in the dark. If a commander waits for the facts, before the facts are in hand, his opportunity will have long passed by. Great generalship requires strong imagination. Plans are prepared against a hypothetical situation which in two cases out of three is found never to have existed. When the reality develops itself through the smoke of battle, the greatest of all qualifications of generalship must come into play—the power to throw aside quickly all preconceptions and adjust plans to the new situation—which, again, can be only dimly understood.

It was a misfortune that the embarkation of the enemy was not known. The attack and repulse and reattack, with its loss of ten thousand killed and fourteen thousand wounded, might have been saved. Twenty-four thousand men swept down before the guns of ten thousand because they were behind earthworks—such is the meaning of the new arms with their new science of warfare. The shovel of the engineer must hereafter be strapped to the kit of the rifleman.

The troops behind the breastworks knew that to them the emperor had committed the military glory of Germany. They fought like heroes who had made up their minds to die for their country instead of as the rear guard of an army of invasion. Their compatriots had sailed in defeat. But these few would show of what the German army was composed.

Perhaps this last lesson was needed to teach both the American and the German people what the new warfare means. The lives lost in and out of the fieldworks would do something toward bringing the peoples of the earth to a comprehension of war in its reality. When the United States troops finally stood within, there were few left capable of handling a gun. The corpses were three deep below the parapet. Dead and dying men mingled everywhere. Guns were dismounted, flags prostrated. It had been the horror of death in an inferno.

As the final charge was being made, General Miles stood watching the attack from an eminence. A shell, directed by chance, or perhaps by some German officer who guessed the identity of the staff, exploded in the midst of the party, instantly killing the general and his aide, Colonel Michler. So that with the news of victory went the shock of a bereavement which, following upon such a victory, was universally felt.

From the first minute of the breaking out of hostilities it had been evident that there was in Wall Street a strong party determined to hammer down every class of American security, and destroy if possible the credit of the government itself. It was no very easy thing to put one's finger on the men who were behind these manipulations. But their organization was perfect, and they wielded tens of millions. They were the new corps d'armée of modern warfare—the corps de finance. Their officers were all chevaliers—d'industrie. After the night attack by the three Spanish cruisers this movement took stronger shape, and with the news that Germany and England had formed an alliance against this country, the operators, who had been rather secret up to this time, became bolder, and exhibited themselves and their sympathies. Down, down went one security after another, the values dropping off by the hundreds of millions, until the bona fide holders found themselves compelled to retain possession of their stocks and bonds because no buyers could be found at any price. Chaos reigned. Failures were countless, including a great number of banks which, in the course of years, had been gradually excluding merchants and manufacturers from their list of clients and carrying on business almost solely with speculators, using these American bonds and stocks as their collateral. It was impossible to sell the securities thus held, and if a liquidation had been made, the depositors would not have realized thirty cents on the dollar.

As the first day's battle progressed, the hopeless began to take heart. Before the opening of the Exchange at noon on the second day, it was known that the Allies had reëmbarked and that American soil was clear of them. Few but were clear-sighted enough to see that this would



Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

"ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF EVEN GREATER IMPORTANCE WAS TAKING PLACE ON BOARD THE ENGLISH FLAGSHIP."

probably be the last invasion of American ground.

Then came the most remarkable event in the history of speculation of all times. In one minute after the clock struck twelve, stocks jumped up hundreds of per cent. Before three o'clock, they had very nearly resumed the values which they held prior to the breaking out of hostilities. The people throughout every part of the United States changed their note of fear and distress to one of the wildest enthusiasm. Even the soberest minds seemed to give way to temporary hysteria.

The list of the dead had not yet begun to arrive. The dead and wounded officers of distinction, brigade commanders and regimental officers were being reported; the telegraph also carried the news of the death of many young men of distinguished families. But the names of the hundred and twenty thousand privates who were reported either dead or wounded, had not yet begun to come in. There was other use for the telegraph wires. For the present, all classes of people

could shout over the victory in a frenzy of joy, and each man or woman hope that his or her loved ones were among the lucky escapes. By order of the President the cables were reopened. Some farsighted stock brokers who had taken position in the telegraph offices at midnight, looking forward to such a contingency, were able to cable orders to partners in England and France which brought them great fortunes.

As might be supposed, but little credence was given the first day to what was supposed to be a Yankee canard, cabled to bring about the discomfiture of English holders of stocks. Nevertheless, the wildest excitement quickly prevailed over every portion of the Continent. France's preparations for war were pushed forward with redoubled vigor. The German emperor was paralyzed by the thought of what such a catastrophe, if proved to be real, would mean to his reign. The extreme poverty of the common people of the German empire; the strong opposition to militarism, with its attendant loss of personal liberty and in-

crease of taxes, and the general dissatisfaction with the arbitrary methods of the emperor himself—all this might easily develop into a force sufficient to overturn the throne.

In general, no credence was given to the cable reports from New York. The combination of circumstances which had brought about the result was not yet understood, even in America, so much confusion and so many contradictory reports continued to surround the details of the great battle. If the German and English fleets had moved down the St. Lawrence, doubtless it was with the intention of landing in the vicinity of either Boston or New York, and entering the country from a more central point. That two hundred and fifty thousand of the finest troops in the world could possibly have suffered defeat at the hands of such raw recruits as the United States might be able to get together on short notice, was regarded as unworthy of belief.

By far the greater number were inclined to the opinion that the government at Washington, having seized the cable offices, was sending out a series of skillfully prepared reports with a view to influencing the European situation. The lucky few who had arranged ciphers, looking to any possible contingency, were able to instruct their European correspondents as to the purchase of stocks. But beyond these few the doubt as to the authentic character of the information cabled was general. Even after the arrival of the emperor's dispatch boat, the news was not given to the public, and announcements were skillfully prepared to conceal the actual condition of affairs and convey the impression that there had been fighting only between outposts. The recall of the expedition, however, was definitely announced as a measure of precaution in the direction of France.

Each day the news of European conditions was awaited by the people of all countries with feverish interest. Each morning was expected to bring the declaration which would not precede but be coincident with a beginning of hostilities throughout Europe. Never had the risk of a great war which would involve millions of troops, all armed with the most deadly weapons, been so great. It did not seem that any possibilities could

check the onslaught which must come within a few hours. Nevertheless, a great change had taken place in the European situation.

The German emperor, instead of seeking an aggressive war, had become alarmed for the safety of his own government, and every means was being exerted to prevent the breaking out of hostilities with France. By the time the German army had reached port, the situation in France had again changed. A combination between England and Japan threatened to sweep the Russian fleet from the Eastern seas. A conspiracy in St. Petersburg, resulting in the death of the minister of police and an attempt on the czar's life, had made those guiding Russian political affairs less anxious to jump into a war which must cover both Europe and Asia.

Again it was the unexpected which happened. The careful calculations, the long-considered plans, the possibilities and probabilities, had all been upset by the events of a few days. Interest had zig-zagged from one quarter of the globe to the other with lightning-like rapidity. Even the best-informed minds, filled with the conflicting reports and darkened by misleading rumors purposely put forth, were unable to grasp the situation in anything like its entirety.

Europe became suddenly quiet, and as the true story of the battles of the St. Lawrence began to be told and understood, even the most military of peoples stood aghast with horror at the result. The war correspondents had completed their stories of the maneuvers, of the attacks and the capture, and had got down to picturing the ghastly details. A new argument had been brought into play in favor of peace. It was the photographic picture. Hundreds of professionals and amateurs had roamed the battlefield and fixed the suffering of the wounded and the terrors of death. Their graphic pictures reproduced by the million and distributed over the face of the earth, and in the vacant places in the homes, cried out with a mighty voice against war. Estimates were being made of the cost in dollars and cents; in pounds, shillings and pence, and in German marks, of this brief three weeks. Somehow, the appalling totals of these figures seemed



Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

to impress England more than the terrible loss of life.

Roughly estimating, it was possible to figure that before the army now in the field or gathered at state camps could be sent to its home, the cost of raising, equipping and transporting the men, together with the payments already made and yet to be made on contracts given out for clothing, arms and other munitions of war, would reach a grand total of not less than three hundred millions of dollars. There would probably be added to this an eventual thousand millions for pensions to the widows and maimed—an indebtedness of thirteen hundred millions of dollars created within less than two months by the action of unfriendly powers—an effective object-lesson as to the importance of peace and good will.

How finally to end the war now became the question. Canada and Cuba were recognized in their true light as permanent dangers to the peace of the continent of North America. They naturally having the same interests as the United States, their subjection to European control must eventually embroil us in disputes. Particularly the people of Canada had everything to gain by being a part of the Republic to whose cities they must look for their chief markets.

All at once the press of the United States seemed to awaken to the fact that the prosperity of the nation in the years to come must be found within its own borders. The markets of China and India and Japan would unquestionably be divided up between Russia, England, Germany and France. There would be contentions between those powers to obtain the lion's share. North America had no need of anything outside her borders. Her resources supplied every necessity and almost every luxury. The true policy for the future must be one of internal development, the gradual abandonment of the markets of Europe and Asia, except for our overstock of meats and grains—a dependence solely upon ourselves.

To escape future squabbles and to provide safety, the bringing of the Canadian states into our Union became an essential. The President selected as a commission Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Albert Shaw, Assistant Secretary of State Day

and Rev. Lyman Abbott for the difficult task of concluding a treaty of peace which should permit the Canadian provinces to enter as states of our Union. Another commission was at the same time dispatched to Madrid.

The United States was now in a strongly advantageous position. With an army that numbered more than half a million, rapidly perfecting itself in drill and equipment, with the prestige of the greatest victory of modern times at its back, it might well have assumed a tone of arrogance. But its commissioners went with very different instructions. They were authorized to sue for the independence of Canada and make the offer of one thousand millions of dollars in exchange for the release of the Canadian states from British suzerainty. What would a thousand millions of dollars be to a rich country like the United States in comparison with a long-continued or even a short contest by force of arms?

To Spain the sum of two hundred and fifty millions was offered for the release of all claims on the island of Cuba—Cuba itself to become an independent republic and guarantee return payment of the sum advanced as the price of its liberty.

An argument was made to the British people based on the logical realignment of the frontiers of nations. North and South America must all be within the limits of the American republics; Asia and Africa left to do with as the peoples of those countries and Europe might desire. For the United States of America, no Hawaii, none of China, none of Africa, but all of North America; and South America for the South American republics.

The details of the negotiation are familiar to all readers. England had her hands full with Chinese and Indian problems. One thousand millions of dollars appeals to the imagination of the public. Our ambassadors came home crowned with laurels. When the news reached Canada, there was rejoicing almost greater than in the United States. From one end of the country to the other, Americans rose up and pronounced for union.

As a matter of fact, Canada had been held in her allegiance to Great Britain largely through the distribution of petty titles or by social favors bestowed by the

governors-general upon ambitious politicians. Some of the worst features of London social life had been transferred to Canadian society. The brains of the bar and the other professions had thus been kept in the pay of the government. But the most advanced Canadian statesmen, both English and French, had for a long time seen that Canada's interests were indissolubly bound up with those of the United States and that but a few years must elapse before the people of the Provinces would awaken to this truth. The Canadian press had pooh-poohed this idea—the government press for evident reasons, and the opposition finding it convenient not to raise the issue. But the actual relations between the two countries had been from year to year more clearly impressing themselves upon all who considered the matter seriously.

Even the holders of British titles were soon pleased with the exchange of the minor field of Ottawa for the larger spheres of Washington and New York, and as they found themselves much in demand socially by that part of feminine America which dearly loves a title, they became quickly reconciled to the change.

While all this was occurring, the everyday people of the United States had searched over the battlefields and sorrowfully brought back the remains of such loved ones as could be identified, to their home burial-plots. Or they had tended the couches of the wounded and helped them back to strength and life. Everywhere was mourning—everywhere sorrow that was destined to know no extinguishment in life. One thing became noticeable: no longer did anyone dare talk lightly of "going to war." To one doing so would the finger have been raised with the caution: "Thou fool!"

Everywhere the people took up seriously the study of the interrelation between private business interests and good government. There was a sudden development of thoughtful care for all that concerns the state. A paraphrase of Louis XIV.'s famous saying took possession of the Republic. "L'état, c'est moi!"—"The state, it is I: I am the state!"—began to be used by the citizen and for the first time understood. "I cannot hope for prosperity in my business affairs if I leave my duties as a citizen unperformed. My

first duty is to the state. My most earnest efforts must be devoted to the making of just laws." Organized bands held together by the recognized object of looting the state and the larger business enterprises, had been gradually fastening themselves upon public affairs and had already secured the governments of many states. The desperate character of the disease had not been recognized by the people. It had required the shock of war to awake the public mind to a sense of the public danger and the private responsibilities.

Out of the chaos of the war was developed a truly American policy. A distinct idea had taken hold of the country. In the moment of greatest peril it had become evident that the North American continent must be a sisterhood of states and the South American continent a sisterhood of republics. For the future we must work out our own political salvation upon a plan entirely American. We must exclude immigration upon any basis other than one of high intelligence, until such a time as we may have assimilated and educated up to our institutions the unfortunates already within our limits. We must not only produce abundantly but we must learn to distribute rationally by avoiding such legislation as puts natural monopolies within the control of unscrupulous individuals.

* * *

Before peace had been formally declared, a great review was held in Washington. A million people, assembled along Pennsylvania Avenue, greeted President Diaz and his Mexican army with such enthusiasm as had been given only to Grant and Sherman at the close of the civil war. The trains which bore our volunteer allies to the frontier were greeted everywhere with ovations, and when the territory of the Mexican Republic was finally reached, a friendship had been cemented between the two Republics which would last for many decades.

* * *

Unhappy Cuba, decimated by the heroic struggles through which it had achieved freedom, was now to begin a new life. The blood of martyrs was to prove an enduring cement for the archway open-

ing to progress and prosperity. With its wonderful resources of climate, soil and mine, the Gem of the Antilles was sought as a home by the intelligent of all countries. Especially from the United States, now that order was assured, came an immigration of the most desirable character. England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland and Norway contributed of their best to the making of this new republic. Even far-off Australia and New Zealand sent their quota, and to these last and to the Swiss we may ascribe the leavening that has made the Cuban government already an example to the rest of the globe. For it was a curious fact that, before the year 1900, New Zealand, which Macaulay at the beginning of the nineteenth century had designated as the land to furnish that civilized man who was some day to sit in meditation over the ruins of London—that this New Zealand, in Macaulay's time a wilderness in the possession of the most barbarous of tribes, had become the foremost of the nations of the earth in its conception of the functions of democratic government.

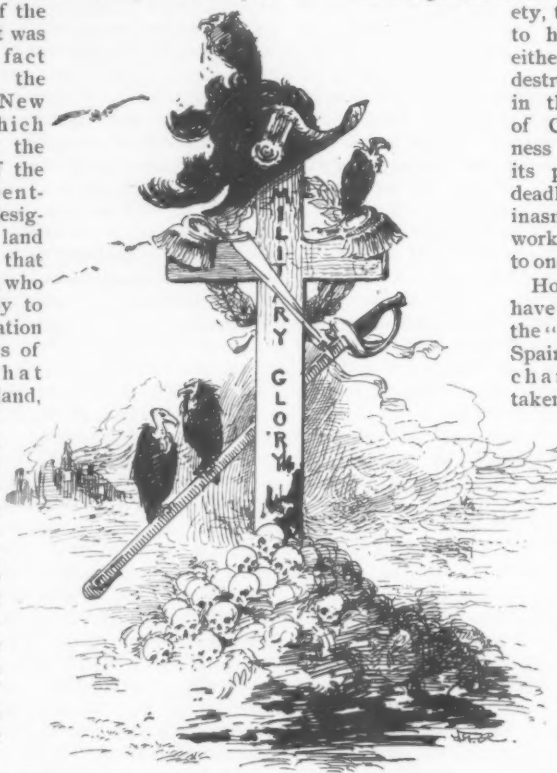
The best ideas of all lands were carried by their intelligent sons and built into the laws of the new Cuban Republic. It should, they declared, be that government for which Abraham Lincoln hoped—truly a government by, of and for the people.

With wise laws and peace, prosperity flowed in upon the land. The indebtedness of two hundred and fifty millions to Spain was quickly paid off.

It is the fashion in this new nation not only to look with suspicion upon the "grabber" but specifically to discourage him. He is regarded as the wolf of soci-

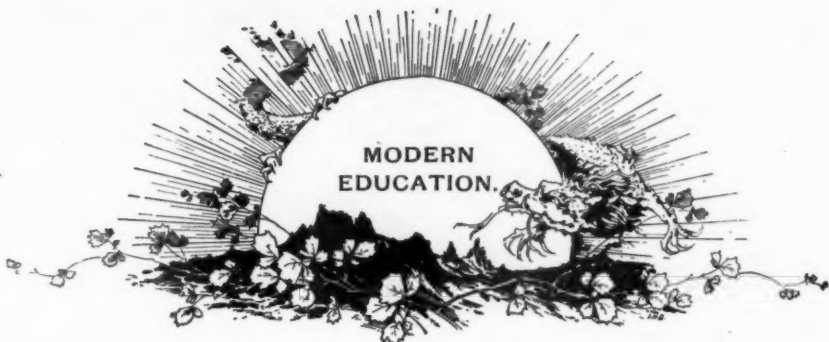
ety, to be hunted to his lair and either tamed or destroyed. Even in the churches of Cuba greediness has taken its place as the deadliest of sins, inasmuch as it works most harm to one's neighbor.

How few years have elapsed since the "late war with Spain" and what changes have taken place! Already the peoples of the earth turn their eyes for an object-lesson in the highest form of intellectual and scientific government to "Cuba the Model Republic."



AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The author takes this opportunity to make acknowledgment to officers of the Army and Navy who have so kindly given advice and assistance in the preparation of this little skit, written with the intention of illustrating the horrors of war, and the importance of the average citizen adopting as his maxim, "L'état, c'est moi."

[THE END.]



DOES IT EDUCATE IN THE BROADEST AND MOST LIBERAL SENSE
OF THE TERM?

With a view to making clear the opinions held regarding the present-day ideals and methods of education, the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* has forwarded to the chief officers of the leading universities of the United States, England and Germany the following:

1. The first article of the educational series which has been published in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* was founded upon the following hypothesis: "The pursuit of all mankind is happiness. There is no other basis upon which any tenable theory of education for youth may be built than that the training received tends, in the highest degree, toward those conditions of mind and body which will best serve to bring happiness to the individual educated and to those about him. That, at least, is the ideal toward which education must move with ever-quickenings strides."

Do you believe that this is the true ideal? If not—what?

2. Do you think that the training of the mind of youth can be accomplished by the study of Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Psychology and English, German and French Literature as thoroughly as by that of Latin and Greek?

3. Will not a curriculum made up of the sciences and modern literature develop the reasoning powers to a higher degree than one in which the study of Latin and Greek is the chief factor?

4. Inasmuch as the student, in a large percentage of cases, immediately following graduation enters upon a professional or business career and not infrequently assumes family cares, should not provision be made for thorough instruction by lectures on choice of occupation or profession—the intention being to afford him the widest possible information regarding the occupations of life, and to enable him to choose with knowledge rather than with prejudice?

5. Should not thorough instruction regarding the duties of the married state, the psychological aids to selection and to happy wedded relations and the proper bringing up of children, constitute an important part of every college course?

6. If Latin and Greek should be omitted from the curricula of school (six years) and college (four years), would there not be ample time not only to train the mind in science and two modern languages (including English), but also to teach the things most requisite for properly embarking upon that active life which usually follows college graduation?

7. Do you hold that time should be obtained for the most important studies by omitting those which are least important?

8. Should not all students be compelled to include, as part of their daily duties, exercise sufficient to develop sound bodies while establishing habits tending to maintain health at a maximum of efficiency?

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



THE Month in England.—The most interesting event of the dramatic season has been the production at the New Century Theater of "Admiral Guinea," one of the plays written in collaboration by Stevenson and Henley, and long accessible in book form. It goes without saying that the New Century Theater is an Independent Theater, for your stock manager perpetually bleating for "new plays" never dreams of striking out a path for himself. And so poor

Stevenson lived and died without seeing his pretty Arethusa graciously incarnated by Cissie Loftus, or Mr. Sydney Valentine come tap-tapping himself into fame by his powerfully grotesque presentation of the blind David Pew. For, as Mr. Henley's new prologue said (of the pair of friends captivated by the romance of doubloons and piracy, rum and the ebony trade and the trim slaver with her raking rig):

"One of this pair sleeps till the crack of doom
Where the great ocean-rollers plunge and boom."

And yet we may be sure Stevenson did see his play on the boards, with that inner eye of his. And not so much on the boards of the real theater, as on the card-boards of that boys' stage whereof the characters are "a penny plain and twopence colored." How he must have enjoyed coloring David Pew with his own hands, and manipulating him through that terrific cutlass combat with the breezy jack-tar. Yes, we must not take this piece too seriously or hail its authors as heaven-born dramatists impelled to project in stage shape the pain and passion of life; we must make-believe with them, and not inquire too closely into the probabilities. Yet, if we accord them the melodramatist's license, they do not repay us in the melodramatist's fashion. Something new, subtle, romantic, has crept into the stock figures and combinations—in short, the glamour of literature is over it all. Nothing—not even the parting of gallant sailor and his simple sweetheart—

"But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

And then David Pew—who of course steps straight from Stevenson's book—is anything but a stock figure, and the final situation, where a blind man and a somnambulist wander about the stage, unconscious of each other, is anything but a stock combination. That Irving, with his genius for the grotesque, should not have seen that the plausible blind beggar, who lives and dies in an odor of rum and crime,



might have been written to his measure, is rather surprising, and I recommend the part to your Richard Mansfield. One could wish Sarah Grand a little more of this make-believe instinct, which she indeed ascribes to her Beth in her early stages. "The Beth Book" has little of the humor and less of the fantasy which relieved her earlier library, "The Heavenly Twins." It suggests "the Book of Beth" and has the air of an addition to the Biblical canon. Beth may or may not be "A Woman of Genius," but there is nothing to justify this portentously solemn and elaborate study of her, not even if the book be as autobiographical throughout as it is obviously in parts. Sarah Grand no doubt cherishes high ideals—in common with all the better spirits of her time—but a novelist is not made out of copy-book maxims, even when they are those of the selectest Academy for Young Ladies. Not that she desires to be a novelist so much as to do good; writing books is her way of keeping school, and it is Man whom she itches most to castigate. In all the pitiful picturesque panorama of human life, she can see little but the brutality of men and the oppression of women. Her favorite recreation, according to a contemporary Confession Book, is the study of sociology. She must have studied it to very little purpose, if she thinks the infinite complexities of life can be summed up in a few bald propositions. Your American woman must be particularly amazed to hear that woman is the helpless victim of tyrant man; unless she too forgets the toil and heartsickness which most men endure, week in week out, in the prosaic process of earning their womankind's luxuries. That there are bad men who spend their wives' money, is of course as true as that there are wives who drink. But to be a man at all, is to come under Sarah Grand's suspicion. True, she admits once, boys may be good, and girls bad. But the reason is delicious. "Girls may inherit their fathers' vices, just as boys may inherit their mothers' virtues." But then in the next generation, what prevents heredity acting through these good sons? "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" have become legendary. But even this bit of suffering Sarah Grand will not leave to man. It is he who nags, not the woman. (As if bad temper had any sex!) When Beth's husband bawls rudely at her, she answers him with spirit. Upon which her creatress comments delightfully as follows: "Hitherto men have been able to insult their wives in private with impunity when so minded, and Dan was staggered for a moment, to find himself face to face with a mere girl who boldly refused to suffer the indignity." But as Dan had never had a wife before to insult in private,



how could the past behavior of other husbands affect his surprise? However, she treated even his faults more leniently than she would have done before her marriage. "Being her husband had made a difference in her." I presume Sarah Grand meant "being his wife." But the book is terribly full of slips and self-contradictions and tedious ramblings, which I can only hope are due to the writer's illness and not to that slovenly reverence for her own inspiration which is the woman novelist's bane. Beth's marriage—the central incident of her career—is sprung upon us in a few pages while hundreds are devoted to irrelevant anecdotes. But what is the use of my criticising "The Beth Book" as art? Sarah Grand will not accept the canons of art. She writes from the heart. If only her heart were not so full! I once had a published argument with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones about an episode in one of his plays, which I said was untrue to life. He retorted that it had actually happened. I persisted that it was nevertheless untrue. In other words, his art had not succeeded in representing what had happened. Even if the facts were there, he had sandwiched them between other facts or fictions in such a way that the original ratios were altered, the perspective was changed. When your shirt is lying on the bed, it is not so white as when worn against the black of your dress-coat. Hence, Sarah Grand may swear that "The Beth Book" is true

as Gospel and I should none the less assert that eighty per cent. of it is false to life. Much of it, however, does not pretend to be Beth's Life, only her Opinions. . . The remaining twenty per cent.—where artistic selection goes hand in hand with lifelikeness—her father's death, the Sammy episode, the study of Aunt Victoria, the hocus-pocus Romanticism into which Beth inducts Charlotte and the description of Beth's first school—is so excellent that I am still disposed to think that this charming wrong-headed lady has the makings of a novelist.

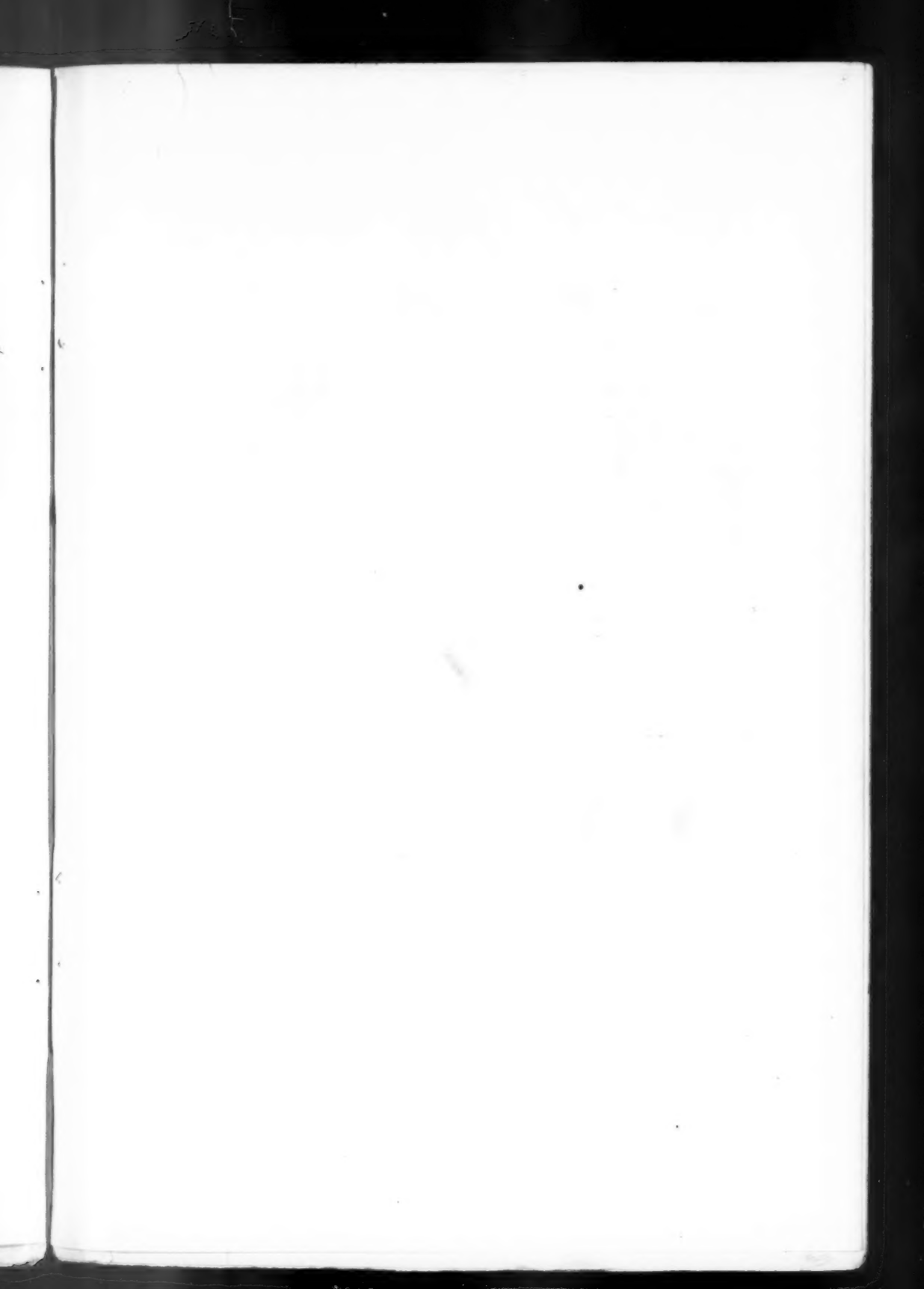
What a relief to turn to John Oliver Hobbes' new book, "The School for Saints," though she too has a Purpose, and for the first time obtrudes and even preaches her Roman Catholicism. The world is the school for saints—for their manufacture by trial and temptation. But this is no goody-goody book. It has color, romance, wit. It grapples successfully with great passions and great forces. It brings the waning reputation of John Oliver Hobbes back into the forefront. And the matter of the book is no less surprising than its power. We rub our eyes. We are back in the old Disraeli atmosphere of religion and politics, the book might have been written by Disraeli—nay, Disraeli himself appears in it. He is to appear even more frequently in the sequel, for though this is far and away the largest, as it is the best, of Mrs. Craigie's books, there is to be a sequel. And, unlike most sequels, it is prepared for: the marriage of her hero and heroine strikes no joy-bell note of finality, for the bride's first husband is not really dead. So we are ready to welcome the sequel and we shall be happy to see more of Disraeli; who already steps naturally into his place as a figure of romance. But I am not certain that this successful catching of his literary manner is not the weakest thing about the book. It means that Mrs. Craigie gives us no fresh vision of the life political and spiritual: she sees it through the "Dizzy" glamour. Her work will count among the forces of the romantic revival. And the modern literary movement is so young and has done so little that it is sad to see so many defections to the cheaper side. It is so easy to be romantic. The backbone of this book is the Carlist revolt in Spain, and religious truth seems somehow bound up with the right divine of the Bourbons. I can imagine a future novelist spinning webs of false poetry about Don Carlos as he is to-day: making a stained-glass-window figure of the middle-aged gentleman I used to see in Venice in the Piazza or on a penny steamboat. Mrs. Craigie follows Disraeli even in her conception of the Jewish millionaire baron who watches with disdainful eyes the political

imbroglios of barbarian Europe and waits patiently for the triumph of the Semite. I have some acquaintance with several Jewish millionaire barons, but never did I meet one who had not a snobbish reverence for Aryan civilization and the Jockey Club. All the same, I gladly recognize that as a political romancer of the old school, Mrs. Craigie has beaten all the contemporary young men who trick up historic characters in the old stage properties. For which confession I hope I shall be restored to the good graces of Sarah Grand. After so much high-falutin talk of romantic and spiritual things, it was like coming down from a balloon to earth to read Mr. Charles Morley's "Studies in Board Schools." The earth at this point is rather dirty and smells unpleasantly, yet to touch earth at all gives us an Antæus-like strength. Here are scenes which move us more than art, because we know the pathos, the humor and the tragedy are actually

with us, that we have only to go round the corner to see them. And yet but for the art with which Mr. Morley has told them, we should not have felt their truth.

I. ZANGWILL.







PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDY BY R. L. CURRAN.